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OCTOBER 2, 1981

n. F. Buckley Jr. on
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—see page 1160

NATIONAL REVIEW

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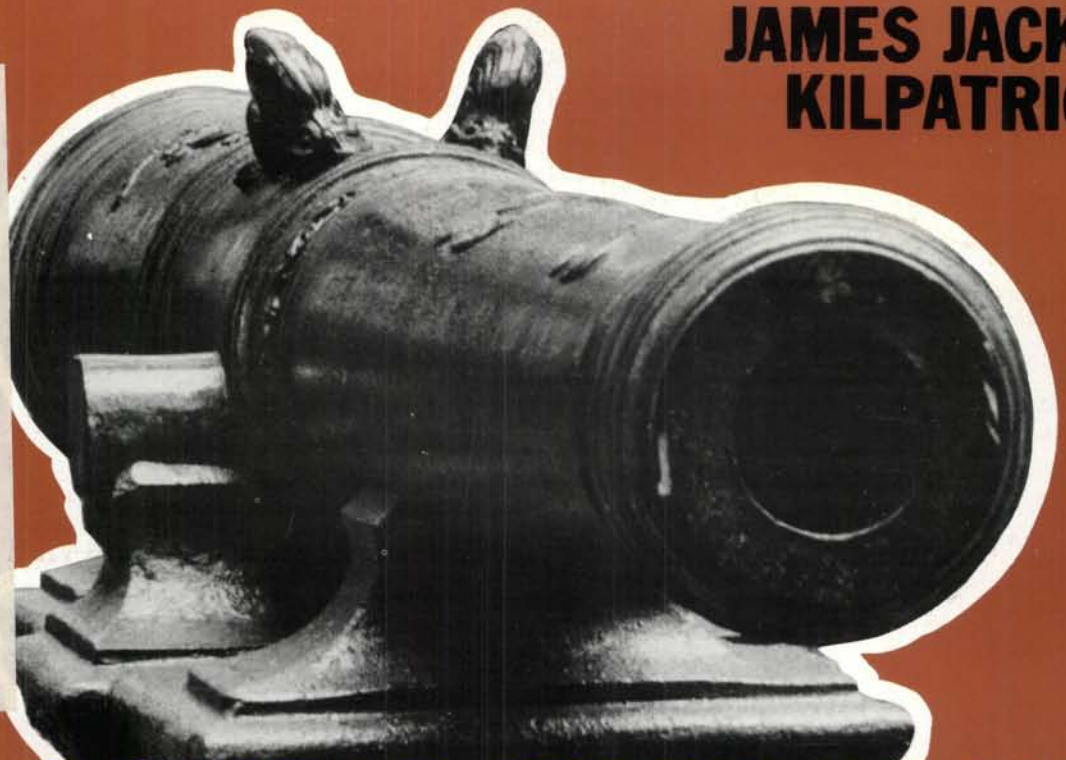
They Struck A Blow For Tyranny

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK



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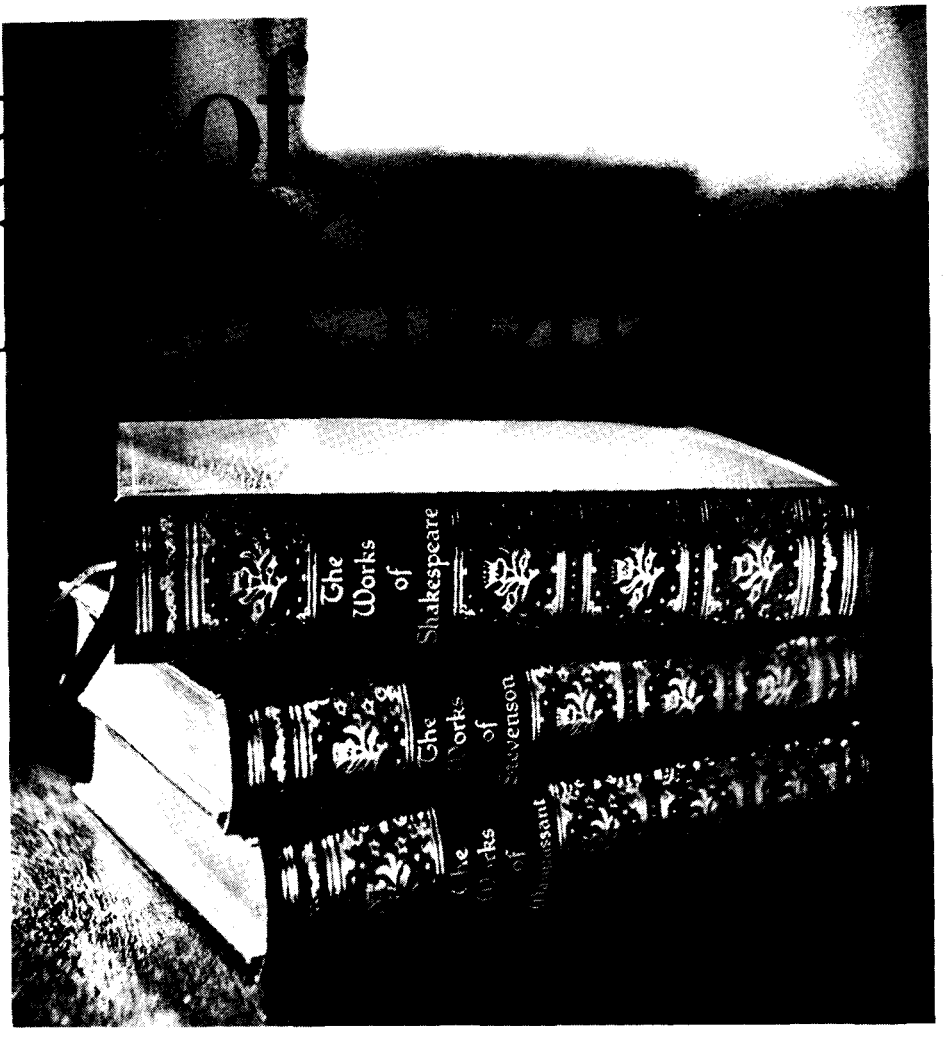

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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Thirty years ago, the southern half of the Korean peninsula was a denuded battleground. Today, hostile armies still face each other across (and sometimes under) the Demilitarized Zone. But the hills are reforested, the steel mills are computerized, and Seoul has traffic as bad as Los Angeles's.
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Ludwig von Mises, scholar, teacher, and gentleman, was born in the same quarter-century as Lenin and Hitler, two collectivists whose ideologies his life work implicitly confuted. Maybe that's why most intellectuals didn't like him. At least, in the year of his centenary, there is a President who does.
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Letters

The Grooves of Academe

As a senior at another old and *formerly* traditional, all-male, liberal-arts college, I was particularly inspired by "Dartmouth's Restoration" [Sept. 18]. At Davidson the issues are different (the Honor Code, Far Eastern studies, sex-blind admissions, fraternity self-selection), but the situation is similar: an isolated, but supposedly conservative, Board of Trustees is manipulated (one must assume) by a liberal administration; the ten or twenty activist liberal students constantly have the ear of the liberal President Spencer, while the administration all but ignores that 90 per cent of the student body which is either actively conservative or simply more concerned with getting a job or getting into med school than with picketing the nearby nuclear power plant or fasting for CROP. The conservative and affluent alumni are actually unaware that the traditions and institutions that brought them to Davidson as students and kept them donating through the years are being systematically destroyed. *The Dartmouth Review*, both as an activist force and as a channel of information from concerned students to uninformed alumni, is a light in the forest.

William Bargmann
Davidson, N.C.

An Appreciation

On behalf of the families of American servicemen and civilians still unaccounted for in Southeast Asia, I would like to extend our sincere appreciation to NATIONAL REVIEW for running the excellent article by Thomas Boettcher and Joseph A. Rehyansky, "We Can Keep You . . . Forever" [Aug. 21]. It is one of the best ever written on the POW/MIA issue in general and, specifically, on the Communists' rationalization for keeping prisoners after a war.

For almost eight years, the United States Government made little substantive effort to secure the return of these men, and they were virtually forgotten. Now, the Defense Intelligence Agency is investigating over three hundred first-hand, eyewitness reports of Americans still in captivity in Vietnam and Laos.

Carol Bates
Director of Public Affairs
National League of Families
Washington, D.C.

Wishful Thinking

Perhaps I am simply ignorant, but John Hutchinson's proposal ["A New Game Plan?" Sept. 4] on South West Africa ("Namibia" nauseates me) seems like a liberal pipe dream. And John Connally might do for a front man—but McNamara? I thought his retirement from the world scene was already too long delayed when he *joined* the World Bank, not when he retired last summer.

Any deal the U.S. might make which includes SWAPO will be contrary to our national interest, to South Africa's interest, and to the interest of the world at large. Any deal we make with the Communists will be broken unless they get all the chips. When will "men of good will" ever learn this?

W. S. Richards
San Rafael, Calif.

Civil War

I am amazed that the Belfast described by Forrest McDonald ["The Unsinkable Myths," Sept. 4] is so different from the Belfast I know. He says, ". . . people in Belfast are a great deal safer, in their persons and in their property, than are residents of New York . . ."

Did he see the hundreds of abandoned houses in Belfast? Although there is a desperate shortage of housing, many persons quit their homes because they could not feel safe in a neighborhood in which they were a minority. Abandoned housing is one index of the lack of confidence in the Royal Ulster Constabulary and the British army to provide protection.

The homicide rate is lower than in the U.S. because most Irishmen cannot get guns for Saturday night shoot-outs. Statistics can mean little, however, where the partisan government winks at the lawlessness of its supporters. The Ulster Defense Association openly admitted to the murder of my friend, Professor Miriam Daley, last year. In spite of its violence, this Orange group remains legal, and nothing has been done to solve this, and other, political assassinations of nationalist leaders.

George M. Korb
Rensselaer, N.Y.

Energy for Europe

Mr. Miles Costick's splendid discussion of the perils associated with the proposal to bring gas from Siberia to Western Europe ["Soviet Blackmail," Aug. 21] is most pertinent, and can serve as a reliable guide to future negotiations between the NATO nations and the Soviet government.

Mr. Costick has described alternative sources of energy, to all of which I can agree. However, there is another source of hydrocarbon energy that could take the

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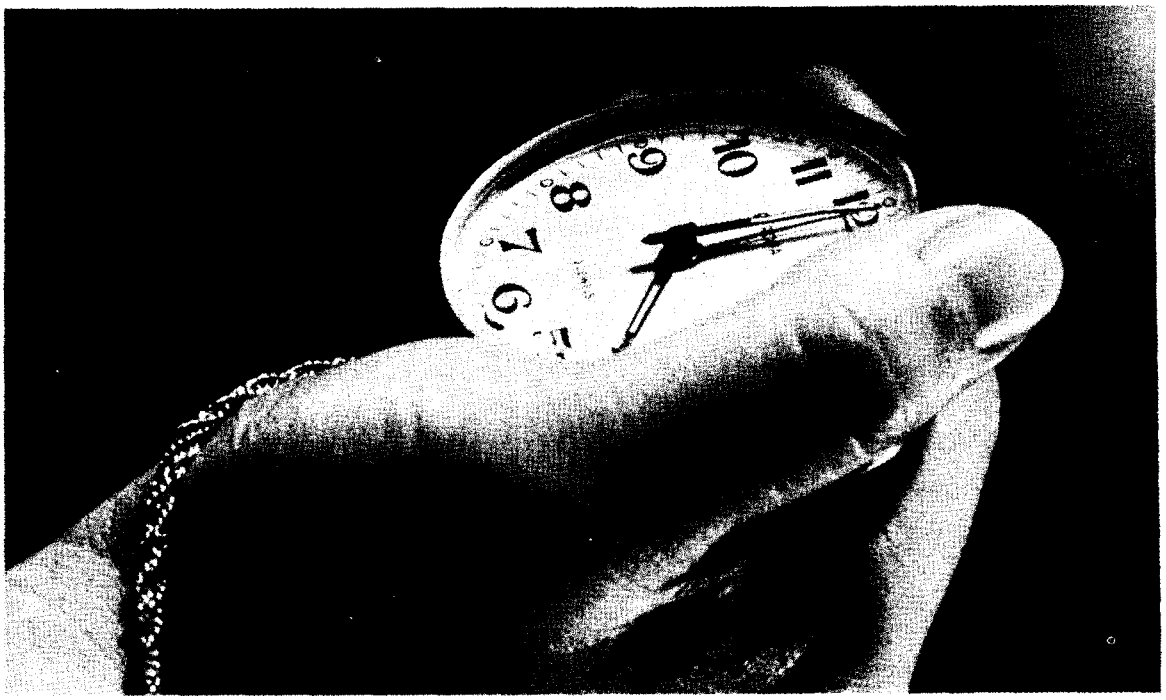

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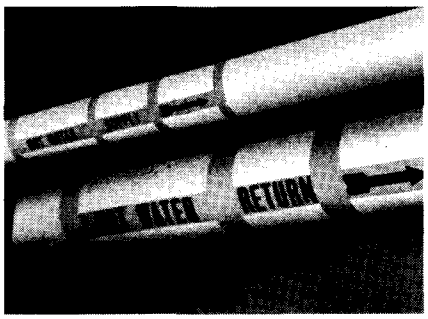

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place of some of the contemplated importation of Siberian gas, and that is the large Western Hemisphere oil resources of Mexico and Venezuela. Currently, Mexico is seeking markets for large surplus oil production which comes from reserves of greater magnitude than those of the United States. Mexico also has a great surplus of natural gas, which could be exported to Europe in liquefied form. Venezuela has the largest reserves of heavy oil of any nation, for which, at the present time, there is only a limited market. These sources of hydrocarbon energy, along with the large coal reserves of the United States, could combine to provide Europe with an assured source of energy supply until such time as nuclear and solar power can be developed.

Paul D. Torrey
Austin, Tex.

Lost and Found

NATIONAL REVIEW's off-handed dismissal ["The Week," Sept. 4] of any proposal to observe the centennial of Franklin D. Roosevelt's birth gives a certain amount of credence to Strausz-Hupé's adage that one of the great differences between "conservatives" and "liberals" is that the former never return to the battlefields of the past to recover the wounded who embodied their ideals, while the latter always do.

Just his preservation of the American banking system with its complex and intricate credit facilities should be enough to enshrine FDR in the pantheon of great conservatives.

The New Deal, far from being an innovation, was strictly within the Federalist tradition, going back through Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, Lincoln, Marshall, Hamilton, Adams, and Washington.

What alternatives there were to the New Deal in the Thirties weren't to be found in the Landons and Willkies (who were closet New Dealers), but in the fevered programs of the Huey Longs, the Dr. Townsends, and the Father Coughlins.

Holman Jenkins
Swarthmore, Pa.

Surfing U.S.A.

"The Week" [Aug. 21] should have explained why the people with surfboards were assaulted. Anyway, Californians, like their official guru, are not to be understood, but only loved—*n'est-ce pas*, Jerry Brown?

Vernon J. Trees Jr.
Missouri City, Tex.

Self-Portrait

The article by Samuel Pickering Jr., "Syria: Head and Heart" [July 24], correctly conveyed the way people in the Third World see America. The problems that America has had with the Third

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World are not due to any grievances about actions taken by us, but are a by-product of how we've portrayed ourselves. In general, during the past couple of decades we have, through the media, painted a picture of a sick society for everyone to see.

Adel Mabrouk
Detroit, Mich.

Judicious Review

Joseph Sobran, commenting on Father Higgins's *Judicial Review Unmasked* ["The Man Who Knew Too Much," Aug. 21], admits that he is "not competent to judge the historical evidence" concerning the power of a federal court in a constitutional issue. Are *any* of our academic experts?

The issue was thoroughly considered throughout the nation in the debates over the *Dred Scott* case. President Lincoln then summed up the conclusion in his 1861 Inaugural message, as follows:

1. Any judicial decision binds only the contesting parties—"the parties to a suit, as to the objects of that suit."

2. A case which involves, incidentally, a constitutional question should be tried by the Supreme Court. "It is a duty from which they may not shrink." (This was Marshall's view.)

3. The decision of the Court is not legislative in nature, i.e., it does not bind others than the parties before the Court—neither the Court itself, nor the Executive (the President), nor the Legislature, nor Father Higgins, nor William Buckley. "It is no fault of theirs [the Justices] if others seek to turn their decisions to political purposes."

4. Such an opinion "is entitled to very high respect and consideration in all parallel cases," but "if the policy of the government affecting the whole people is to be fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court the instant they are made in ordinary litigation . . . the people will have ceased to be their own rulers . . ."

5. The legal principle of *stare decisis* becomes effective only after years of acceptance of a ruling by the courts and the public. Although a decision "may be erroneous in any given case, the evil effect following it . . . [is] limited to that particular case, with the chance that it may be overruled and never become a precedent for other cases . . ."

John W. Brabner-Smith
Director
Institute of Jurisprudence, Foreign and International Law
Washington, D.C.

Dicing Time

All honor to David Black for his beautiful tribute to the late Paddy Chayefsky ["The Week," Sept. 4].

Let us also remember that Chayefsky, at an Academy Awards ceremony a few years ago, scolded those who would use that occasion for political purposes. He was referring, of course, to Vanessa Redgrave, who had, earlier that evening, made remarks about "Zionist hoodlums" from the same podium. One must not wish anybody, certainly not Miss Redgrave, to die of cancer; but surely some of us can't help wondering, and hope to be forgiven for wondering, why, in the random crapshoot of fate, the Paddys are taken from us too soon, while the Vanessas just seem to go on and on and on . . .

Ray Russell
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Touchdown

Zounds! Neal Freeman's designation of football as "your basic redneck sport" was doubtless meant to ruffle not a few conservative feathers ["A Letter from Camp," Sept. 4]. But the unfortunate remark besmirches not only the national pastime (as I feel safe in calling it—baseball has seen its better days), but also, in a sense, the national "liturgy."

More: the aspersion attacks what may well be the last traces of simon-pure romance in American life. Has Mr. Freeman never thrilled to the brilliant interception that saved the day? Has he never gazed, with a wild surmise, at the subtleties of the flex defense? Has he never felt a chill race down his spine when the Dallas

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William A. Rusher

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Former Los Angeles Police Chief Ed Davis put it this way after one Rusher talk: "I sit on many a dais and hear a great many speeches, but it has been years since I have heard anything quite so fine."

To the *New York Times*' liberal columnist Tom Wicker, on the other hand, Rusher is just "terrifyingly articulate."

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Cowboys, those modern paladins in shining armor, charged onto the field of battle?

Perhaps Mr. Freeman is not exactly guilty of unnecessary roughness, but he must be called for clipping. And that's a 15-yard penalty.

Rev. Dennis P. Lyden
Steubenville, Ohio

Erratum

This one really should not be allowed to pass. Alan L. Miller, in his review of Daniel F. Feldman's *Reforming Government* ["A Bureaucrat Is Born," May 15], asserts: "The most intriguing revelation is that Feldman won the Assembly seat vacated by Schumer, who was defeated in seeking Miss Holtzman's congressional seat while she was losing her race for the U.S. Senate!"

Now, either Mr. Feldman was unaware that his former employer moved on to higher office, or else Mr. Miller did not read Mr. Feldman's book with sufficient care.

At any rate, Assemblyman Schumer became Representative Schumer by collecting about fifty thousand votes more than his nearest rival. The voters of Brooklyn often need forgiveness, but more is expected from NATIONAL REVIEW.

Thomas Scott Thrasher
Rochester, N.Y.

Otium Est Bonum

Or, Reply to a Nymph [Corinna Marsh, "Make Mine Manhattan," Aug. 21]:

Indeed, vacationers oft are fools,
Choose sunny beaches o'er shady pools:
Dichotomy's a poor tool still
To find out how one's time should fill.
Man made cities for convenience;
Country's needed to redeem us.

You list the usual aggravations:
For homework—hate you education?
After urban hurly-burly,
Sweet the winded trees talk stilly;
After plastic, bricks, concrete,
How soothing is a lakeside seat.

In cities' centers rise our arts:
Law and culture, man's best parts;
In country skies the deep-set heavens
Show us what our parts are set in.
Once a year we set aside
Time to forget how much we've lied.

Corinna: such a nymph-like name.
Have ever you a Marsh brought fame?
In moonlit dances on silvered grass,
Trod fairy steps, been satyr's lass?
The world—well, Wordsworth said it once.
Fair nymph, wilt join me for country lunch?

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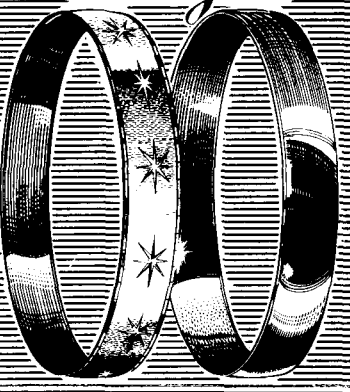

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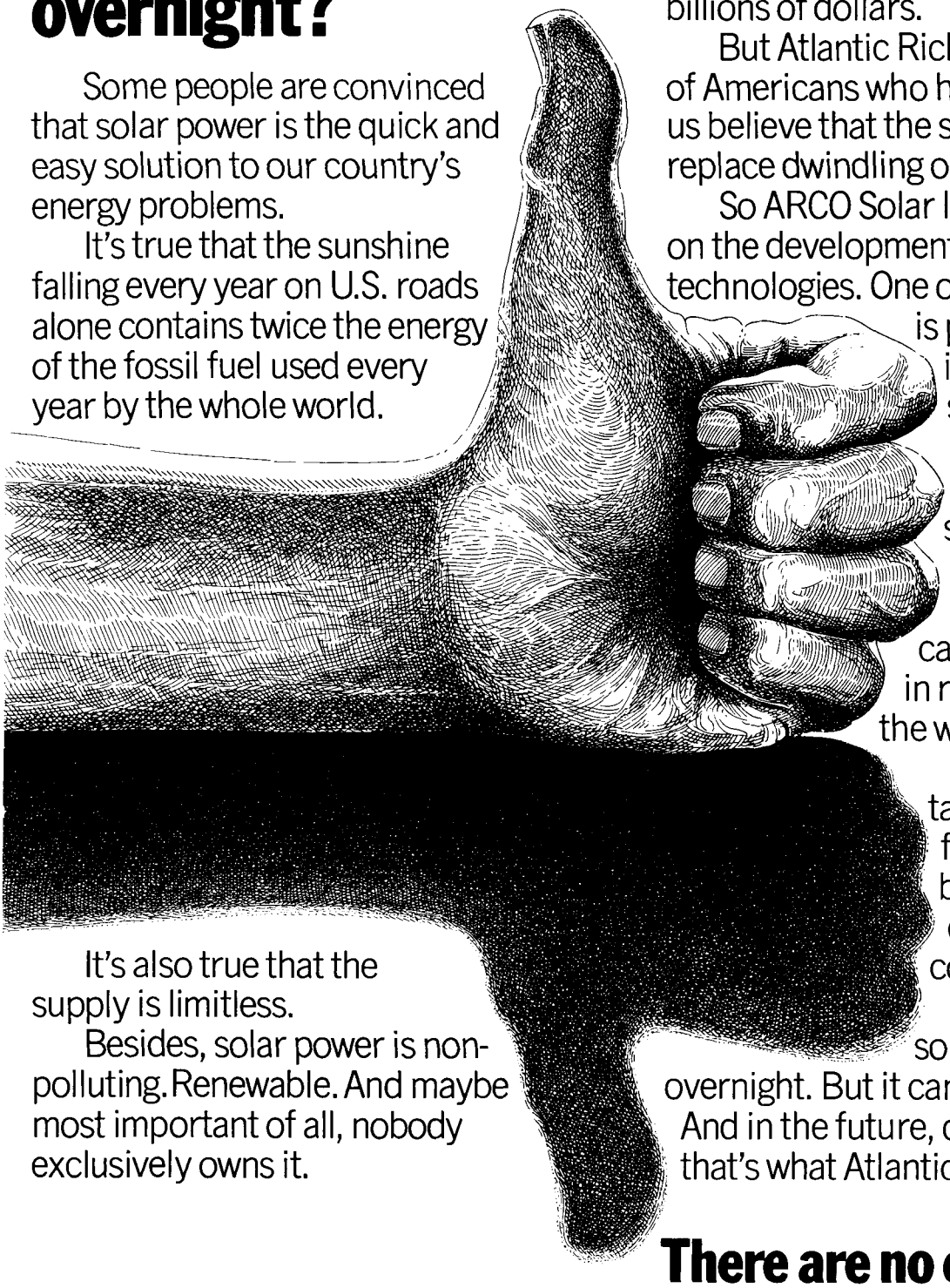
Some people are convinced that solar power is the quick and easy solution to our country's energy problems.

It's true that the sunshine falling every year on U.S. roads alone contains twice the energy of the fossil fuel used every year by the whole world.



It's also true that the supply is limitless.

Besides, solar power is non-polluting. Renewable. And maybe most important of all, nobody exclusively owns it.

The problem lies in converting sunshine into usable, affordable energy to heat and light our homes and operate our appliances.

At today's rates, if we tried to convert all our oil, gas and nuclear power systems to solar, it would cost hundreds of billions of dollars.

But Atlantic Richfield and thousands of Americans who have invested with us believe that the sun can one day replace dwindling oil and gas supplies.

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Solar power can't solve our problems overnight. But it can help. A little now. And in the future, quite a lot. At least that's what Atlantic Richfield believes.

There are no easy answers.

ARCO

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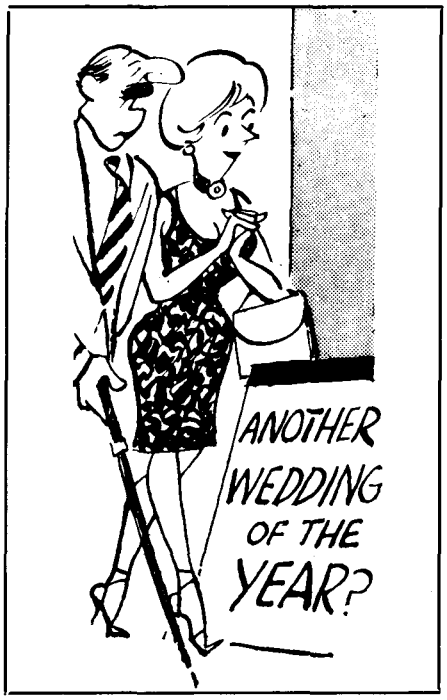
FOR THE RECORD

■ It's been a Dump on **Reagan** fortnight. **Jerry Wurf**'s big public employees' union, AFSCME, showed the first of its sixty-second anti-Reagan spots on 13 major TV markets (cost $500,000). . . . AFL-CIO President **Lane Kirkland**'s 15-minute Labor Day address was such an anti-Reagan diatribe that CBS refused to carry it. . . . While union leaders denounced Reagan for firing the air-traffic controllers, 39 per cent of their members said hurray (**Harris**). . . . At the prestigious **American Political Science Association** convention in New York last week the political scientists showed themselves, well, out of touch. While some 60 per cent of the people approve the President's handling of his job, 69 per cent of the political scientists think he is doing a poor job, only 31 per cent think he is doing a good job. (Their own political and ideological breakdown: 10 per cent Republican, 61 per cent Democratic; 15 per cent conservative, 74 per cent either "moderately" or "very" liberal.)

■ It's the same story internationally. Mexico's **José López Portillo** has called the neutron bomb "the worst thing that humanity has produced" and blasted Reagan for putting it into production. . . . **Fidel Castro**'s speech of welcome to the Interparliamentary Union was so incendiary (Reagan is "a fascist," his Administration is "bathed in blood") that U.S. envoy **Wayne Smith** walked out, as did the British envoy at Castro's attack on British policies in Northern Ireland. A veteran Castrologist rated the speech 7 or 8 on a 1 to 10 scale of Castro vitriol. . . . In Paris, the French government, topping its performance in support of the Salvadoran rebels, permitted two African liberation movements, the Marxist **SWAPO** and the (South) **African National Congress**, to set up missions in France on an "informal" basis. Snapped **Mitterrand**: "The commitment to friendship with the United States does not include supporting all the world's dictatorships." . . . The panjandrum dictatorship of them all, the **Soviet Union**, has, according to latest intelligence estimates, over 150,000 of its own and satellite troops spotted in twenty countries around the world engaged both in active fighting and in training missions. Breakdown includes: 85,000 Soviet troops in **Afghanistan**; 25,000 Cubans, East Germans, Soviets in **Angola**; 14,000 Cubans and Soviets in **Ethiopia**; 1,500 Soviets, Cubans, East Germans in **South Yemen**; 2,500 Soviets advising the **Syrian army**, much of which is to be found in **Lebanon**.



Jon, *London Daily Mail* Rothco

"Not a royal one, dear—very common, Benn and the unions."

■ . . . And they're off. In New York, former Rep. **Bruce Caputo** has become first Republican to enter race for Sen. **Daniel Patrick Moynihan**'s seat. Caputo will, among other things, attack Moynihan as a big spender. According to National Taxpayers' Union, Moynihan was fourth biggest spender in Senate in 1979 while—watching the tide—only 14th biggest in 1980. . . . A Draft **Jack Kemp** for Governor committee is forming in New York to put pressure on Kemp to run against the (at the moment) moribund **Hugh Carey**. But Kemp seems reluctant. . . . Not reluctant at all is **Lew Lehrman** of the Lehrman Institute, a supply-side (and gold) advocate. . . . In California, Rep. **Philip Burton** (D.) has looked up from his redistricting maps and pronounced them good. As passed by the Democratically controlled legislature they would deprive Republican congressmen of five seats. Of his brother **John**'s highly gerrymandered seat, Philip says: "Glorious. It curls in and out like a snake." Governor **Jerry Medfly** is expected to sign the bill.

■ Coming up: Convention '81, cosponsored by **Martha Rountree** and **John Fisher**, speakers **Jesse Helms**, **Strom Thurmond**, **Alexander Haig**, at Washington, D.C.'s Sheraton Washington Hotel, Oct. 7 to 9. For info write Leadership Foundation, 7945 MacArthur Blvd., Cabin John, Md. 20818. . . . *Center Journal*, a new publication of the Center for Christian Studies, among whose editors is *NR* contributor **Gerhart Niemeyer**. (Free copy available, Center for Christian Studies, P. O. Box A, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556.)

■ To fill the gap left with folding of *Washington Star*, *Washington Post* has added two pages each week to its editorial/OpEd section and bought a number of *Star* features, including **Mary McGrory**, **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.**, **J. J. Kilpatrick**, and **Hagar the Horrible**.

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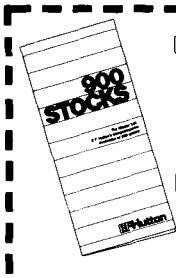

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THE WEEK

■ "Texas Catholic Bishops Reject Neutron Bomb"—*New York Times* headline. Quite right, too. What would a bunch of bishops do with a neutron bomb?

■ There's already too much activism among the clergy. Giving them a neutron bomb would really violate the separation of church and state.

■ Considering what he's already said about the Moral Majority, you can imagine what A. Bartlett Giamatti would say about bishops dropping bombs all over the place. Too horrible to contemplate.

■ Let's just pray the Jehovah's Witnesses don't develop a first-strike capability.

■ The implication of Menachem Begin's behavior throughout the early stages of the AWACS debate was that Israel has the U.S. in its pocket, and the unformalized alliance between the two nations would be restricted to Israeli preconceptions and interests. The U.S. strategic approach to the Middle East must, of course, be consistent with Israeli security, but it does not have to be constricted to it. The Soviet Union would be the principal gainer from an alliance by which the U.S., forsaking all others, aligned itself exclusively with Israel. A congressional veto of the AWACS deal would be deplorable in implicitly sanctioning Israel's narrow conception of regional security. The AWACS deal undeniably involves a degree of risk—in a region charged with chanciness. To abjure risk entirely would mean to give up trying to do anything whatever in that region—the most dangerous approach of all. The balance of risks is clearly in favor of the AWACS transfer—which would amount to a pre-positioning of early warning capabilities necessary to preserving accesses to the region.

■ Governor Jerry Brown of California has snarled himself up in another no-win political situation. Stung badly by the Medfly, the Governor is now in trouble over the new atomic power plant at Diablo Canyon. A couple of years ago the Governor co-opted an anti-nuclear rally at Cuesta College. "No on Diablo Canyon," shouted Brown. "No on Diablo Canyon." Last week, Diablo Canyon became the target of nuclear protest demonstrators. The opening turnout was disappointingly small, but if the demonstration grows substantially Brown will be blamed for it, and blamed for the expense to the state of police, courts, cells needed to maintain order. Brown has been trying to separate himself from the demonstration, so far without much success. *Footnote:* These California protestors call themselves the Abalone Alliance. Research has shown, however, that the warmer sea water in the vicinity of a nuclear plant acts as a stimulant, causing the abalone to reproduce at a higher rate. The plants' cooling systems amount to a kind of Jacuzzi bath for the abalone. The protestors should have consulted the abalone on this one.

■ Former Senator Frank Church has popped up in *The New York Times Magazine* to deplore the Administration's "rigid anti-Soviet ideology." Quite a phrasemaker, Church. Let's unpack this formula, shall we? "Rigid" means firm where you should be squishy. "Anti-Soviet" means negative without provocation: it's not as if the Soviets were anti-us, is it? "Ideology" means it's all in Reagan's head: there's no Soviet threat, though of course there is a terrible danger of nuclear holocaust. Thank God this sort of Newspeak is becoming Oldspeak.

■ Old Lefties never die . . . nor do they fade away. Fidel Castro, accusing the United States of waging biological warfare against Cuba for the past twenty years, cites as one source articles by Warren Hinckley (no relation to John). Remember him? Onetime editor of *Ramparts* and of *Scanlan's*. The *Daily World* (CPUSA), meanwhile, publishes a lengthy article on "the continuing U.S. war against the Indochinese people." "Where the U.S. failed with bombs, troops, tanks, and Agent Orange, it is now trying to win through economic sanctions and boycotts," writes Don Luce. Remember him? He discovered President Thieu's odious but, as it later turned out, non-existent "tiger cages," and spread them all over *Life* magazine. Angela Davis has sharpened up her rhetoric and is now wowing campus audiences with her denunciations of "Haig the Plague" and "Reagan the Slasher." And Dr. Benjamin Spock, conversing with the press after a recent visit to the pokey, says he thinks it would be "good" for middle-class types to be arrested once in an idealistic cause. Yawn.

Senator Baker, Please Hush

The market's like a centipede
With lots of tiny feet;
It moves without a by-your-leave
From some malign elite.
So kindly do not ask The Street
To speak from bended knee.
We all recall how King Canute
Gave orders to the sea.

W. H. VON DREELE

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JOHANN FRIEDRICH FASCH (1688-1758)
CONCERTO in D Major for Trumpet, 2 Oboes, Strings and Continuo
SINFONIA in G Major; SINFONIA in A Major
Maurice ANDRÉ, Trumpet
Pierre PIERLOT and Jacques CHAMBON, Oboes
JEAN-FRANÇOIS PAILLARD CHAMBER ORCHESTRA
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A special response form will be enclosed with each Review...and you may use it to order or reject any selections simply by mailing it by the date specified. And if you want only the scheduled selections, you need do nothing – they will be shipped to you automatically. What's more, you'll have at least 10 full days in which to make your decision – if you ever have less time than that, just return the special selections at our expense, for full credit.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Fresh from vacation, Cato observes with Horace, *Dulce est dissipare in loco*. Ronald Reagan might wish to echo that view, since he had the perfect locus for his refreshment, namely, The Ranch, and is obviously relaxed from his stay there. Back in Washington, the President seems fundamentally at ease with his economic program, notwithstanding a few passing jitters occasioned, we hear, by the prophecies of a passel of Wall Street Cassandras who base their predictions on the high interest rates. They are probably wrong, but Ronald Reagan should be doing a better job of pointing that out. Instead of simply calling for patience during this period of waiting, the President should be centerpiecing and floodlighting his biggest proven economic feat thus far: the January 27 deregulation of crude oil, and what that action has accomplished. So say a number of Washington political cognoscenti.

Eight months ago, before the President deregulated crude, the doomsayers were baying their disapproval and warnings. Now that the results are coming in, they have uniformly flip-flopped, including the learned Otto Eckstein. In this period, Americans have drastically curbed their demand for petroleum, oil imports are down 20 per cent, oil production is up, and the U.S. trade balance has improved (which in turn strengthens the dollar, which in turn brakes the inflation spiral). Further results: worldwide oil inventories are at a near-record high (a glut), the output of OPEC has dropped an astonishing 7 per cent this year alone, and the decline in oil reserves has been stemmed. Last January's Cassandras notwithstanding, consumer costs have *not* gone up: gasoline and heating oil prices have leveled off at about the same rate as general inflation.

If oil deregulation has worked, so will budget and tax cuts. Why? Because the dynamic is the same, namely the dynamic of incentive. Producers are now exploring more because the prospects for profits are up. Likewise, business will invest more because the promise of earnings is brighter. Incentive is the key. This is the gospel Reagan ought to be preaching. We wonder why his economic and public-relations aides haven't suggested it.

■ Short takes on U.S. foreign policy. At the Reagan/Begin Washington summit, a deal was cut. For an Israeli commitment not to lobby against the AWACS deal (only subdued squawking), Menachem Begin got a free hand from the President to deal with the Palestinians as Israel sees fit. Despite their hawkish bents, Begin and his much-decorated war hero Defense Minister, Ariel Sharon, will avoid harshness with the Palestinians. Their strategy: to isolate the PLO from West Bank Arabs, and to negotiate autonomy for the latter. Reagan was astute, low-key, and charming, handling Begin exactly as Sadat did before him.

■ Anwar Sadat was alerted by the U.S. well in advance of the Reagan/Begin summit of the trade-off terms and of the U.S.-Israel strategic alliance, permitting Sadat to time his crackdown on Islamic fundamentalists to occur before the Pan-Arabists could perceive the summit as a pro-Israel tilt and take out their resentment on Western-oriented Sadat.

■ Some Washington analysts lament that the Reagan Administration appears unwilling to invest attention, manpower resources, and intelligence on the Iran/Iraq war, in an effort to unseat Khomeini and his crazies and install a stable regime. Humane aspects aside, peace in these two nations would bring unquantifiable benefits to the Western world, notably five million barrels of Iranian and Iraqi oil into the market, a volume that would just about break the back of OPEC. Calculations such as these ought to be powerful enough to pierce the collective sense of surfeit and resignation that we all feel toward Iran.

■ Underpublicized to date is the announcement by the Prime Minister of France, Pierre Mauroy, that France will produce its own neutron bomb. Forty-five thousand (that's right, 45,000) Soviet tanks on the NATO perimeter (ten thousand NATO tanks opposing) have a remarkable ability to concentrate the mind. Watch for Ronald Reagan to point to this French decision as corroboration of the wisdom of his own neutron bomb go-ahead.

■ Update on Winston's column of August 7: Odds of a Soviet invasion of Poland have dropped to 1 in 5. Furthermore, and astonishingly, some Sovietologists in town think that the USSR is rethinking the strategic role of Poland, with the possibility (get this) of striking some kind of negotiated settlement—possibly a neutrality treaty—as in Finland and Austria. But if Brezhnev dies, all bets are off. — CATO

■ A million-dollar gift to Amherst, endowing a chair in the natural sciences whose first occupant must, according to the terms of the bequest, be black, has drawn hard words from the Anti-Defamation League —"discriminatory and illegal," according to national director Nathan Perlmutter. Mr. Perlmutter did not add, "unprecedented," for indeed this is exactly the spirit in which the Federal Government has been interpreting the Civil Rights Act. Ironically it is private institutions such as Amherst, operating on a case-by-case basis, which are ideally suited for the task of carrying out affirmative action: since they are not coercive, they will not stimulate social resentment, and their policies, crafted on the spot instead of in Washington, are apt to be more intelligent. But then, one runs athwart the letter of the Civil Rights Act, which prohibits hiring and firing on the basis of race, color, religion, sex, or national origin. It's all very confusing.

■ Jerry Falwell, in *Newsweek*'s "My Turn" (Sept. 21), answers charges against the Moral Majority, and he neatly turns the tables on its critics: "It is not the religious conservatives in this country who have politicized the Gospel. It is the liberal in the church and in the government who has turned the basic moral

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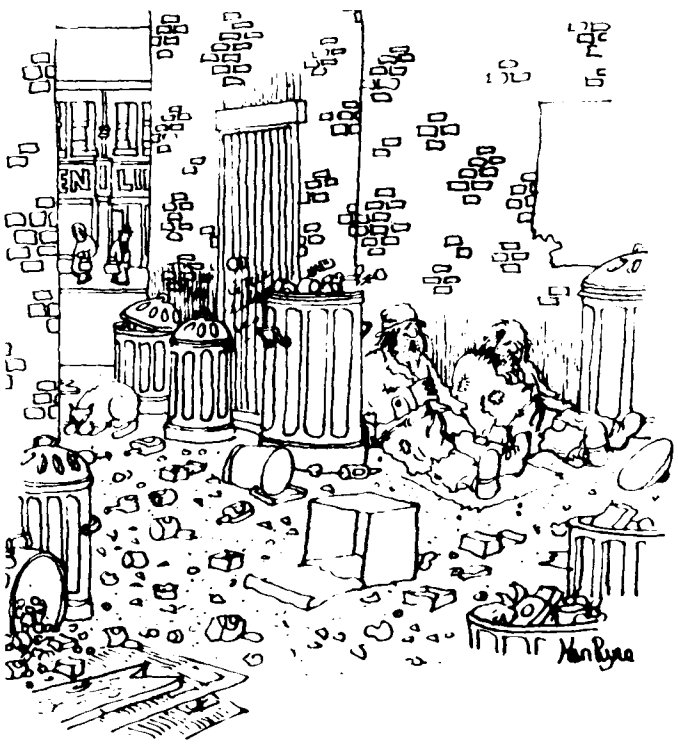
values that were the foundation of this country into political issues. Until recently, most people agreed that abortion is murder, that homosexual practice is perversion, and that pornography is the exploitation of women and men. Now the liberals tell us these are political issues, not moral ones, and when we oppose their attempts to legislate and adjudicate what they believe, we are called 'ayatollahs' who want to line people up against the wall and shoot them." Hear, hear. And why don't they call judges "ayatollahs" for ordering children bused dozens of miles from home against their parents' wishes?

■ Who now could doubt the courage of the Poles epitomized in the Solidarity movement? The realization of free trade unions, the authentication of the right to strike, the wresting of TV programming from state control, and the forcing of democratic processes within the ruling Communist Party itself all testify to what nerve and tenacity have been able to achieve in little more than a year. What was still a totalitarian structure in mid-1980 has been rendered pluralistic—to the whole world's wonder. Now Lech Walesa's leadership of Solidarity is under challenge from elements within the movement determined to test fortune and Soviet reluctance still further. At a recent Solidarity congress in Gdansk, the watchword was "Let Poland Be Poland." Disregarding nearby Soviet army maneuvers, the congress undertook to summon up movements



Pyne, *Punch* Rothco

"I often think it would be nice to get the opportunity to betray my socialist principles."

Polish Echoes

It isn't quite the Tennis Court
With Mirabeau in charge,
Nor is it open season on
All commissars at large;
Though parallels are plain to see
For each Parisiènne,
I'm betting Lech Walesa gets
Arrested at Varennes.

W. H. VON DREELE

with similar intent elsewhere in Eastern Europe, asked for a national referendum on worker control over the selection of management, and agreed to debate later on a demand for free parliamentary elections—that last amounting to a death warrant for the Communist Party whose pre-eminence Solidarity had earlier pledged to acknowledge. Youth was in the saddle, and ignored Walesa and other cooler heads around him who thought the momentum was getting out of hand.

■ The Soviet Union, Secretary of State Alexander Haig said in West Berlin, appears to be using "lethal chemical weapons" in Laos, Cambodia, and Afghanistan. Long-standing rumors to this effect have now been supported by "physical evidence"—"abnormally high levels of three potent mycotoxins, poisonous substances not indigenous to the region and which are highly toxic to man and animals." His charges are supported by Sterling Seagrave, whose new book, *Yellow Rain*, contends that the Soviet Union and its allies—including Cuba—have been testing, stocking, and using highly advanced chemical and biological weapons.

■ At its traditional meeting in Blackpool the Trades Union Congress, an important component of the Labor Party, lurched further to the left, demanding $33 billion in government economic stimulus, unilateral nuclear disarmament, and withdrawal from the Common Market. The three candidates for the post of deputy party leader, Denis Healey, Tony Benn, and John Silkin, were present at Blackpool to round up support. In its overall tendency the Labor Party is now breaking with its own tradition and with the traditions of British politics and becoming more purely ideological; thus, in all likelihood, excluding itself from power even in the midst of Prime Minister Thatcher's economic troubles.

■ OUR MEDIA AT WORK. A deputation of Solidarity members visited the Pope two weeks ago, who spoke of Poland's "right to independence. . . . I spoke of

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this a year ago," the Pope said, "and I repeat it now remembering the events of September 1939." The *Washington Post*, reporting the story, explained to its readers that the Pope was referring to "the Nazi invasion of Poland 42 years ago." Thank you, *Post*. Except, wasn't there some other country, that invaded about the same time? A country which, as it happens, also threatens Poland today, and which the Pope might more plausibly have had in mind? Begins with "R" and rhymes with "Prussia"? (Hint: it has a thriving projectile industry, and several attractive summer resorts in the Kabul area.)

■ *Laborem exercens*, an encyclical by a Polish pope on the question of labor unions, will be carefully monitored by Solidarity watchers in Gdansk and Warsaw (and Moscow), and though John Paul II never mentions the Polish situation, the relevance is clear enough. "Unions do not have the character of political parties struggling for power; they should not be subjected to the decision of political parties or have too close links with them. . . . Their specific role . . . is to secure the just rights of workers within the framework of the common good of the whole society." There, in three sentences, we have the essence of the Pope's—and Solidarity's—position: a warning and a reminder not to push too hard, too fast; a rejection of the government-run farces which pass for labor unions in every other Communist country; and a general guide to union activity, which we hereby mark: "Attn.: Tony Benn; PATCO."

■ A tip of the hat to Mr. Frank Fusco, who wrote the following letter to the *New York Daily News*: "What's all the fuss about the Israeli raid which knocked out an Iraqi nuclear reactor? Environmentalists have been knocking out our reactors for years and no one has called for sanctions against them."

■ To impress upon the public the importance of early diagnosis in treating the second most common sort of cancer, cancer of the colon and rectum, the AMC Cancer Research Center is sponsoring free screenings for the disease across the country. Colorectal cancer usually occurs in men and women between the ages of 47 and 65. If diagnosed early, two-thirds of all cases could be cured. Free take-home tests will be distributed at Medicine Shoppe pharmacies on October 22, 23, and 24.

■ Parisian billboards recently blossomed out with photos of a bikini-clad young lady of abundant charms. The boards promised: "On September 2 I'll take off the top." New pictures went up on that day with the young lady in, uh, a monokini, and another promise: "On September 4 I'll take off the bottom." On that day the young lady duly appeared in the buff, with the caption: "Avenir, the billboard company that keeps its promises." An interesting lesson indeed, especially if you have less to hide than a politician.

■ Now that there are unorthodox Communists on the *other* side of the Iron Curtain, why is it that we haven't been hearing about Eurocommunism?

The Debate

In New York the markets have gone haywire, and economists are in a state one could call galvanized bemusement. Inflation is dropping and employment rising. So stock and bond markets begin to collapse. Everyone decides to blame this on tax and budget cuts that 1) have not even gone into effect yet and 2) are thought to offer greatest relief to wealthy investors and corporations. Sober Republican congressmen proceed to denounce the financiers and tycoons. Only the liberal Democrats rise to the defense of Wall Street opinion. The liberals are upset at the shocking prospect of large budget deficits. But one set of critics is quite comfortable with deficits. They are, naturally, conservatives: the "deficits-don't-count" faction of the newly successful and already vociferous supply-siders. This group also ardently defends Social Security against cuts. The other supply-side faction is on the whole more conventionally conservative, and its leader crusades for big cuts in defense spending. Meanwhile, it becomes a sign of sophistication and with-it-ness at Georgetown parties to be in the know about that barbarous relic, that vermiform appendix excised from the body economic in 1971, than which nothing could possibly be more obsolete and out of date: gold. One group, it is true, is working busily to prevent any return to the gold standard. It is the mainstream conservative economists. Milton Friedman candidly admits that he is puzzled by the behavior of the market.

We asked for realignment, but this is ridiculous. Before we get used to the spectacle of a liberal/Wall Street alliance ranged against a conservative/deficit-spender entente, we should examine the core issue: interest rates.

The most interesting economic question at the moment, the one that puzzles Milton Friedman, is: Why haven't interest rates fallen with the rate of inflation? Friedman points out that for most of the past decade interest rates have been less than the going rate of inflation—in other words, negative in real terms. This was a wretched state of affairs from the point of view of economic growth and presumably could not be kept up indefinitely.

Since July of last year, however, real interest rates

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have been strongly positive, running as high as 9 per cent. Considering that real interest rates in this country have rarely exceeded 2 or 3 per cent, what is surprising is that the economy has held up at all.

Here are three possible explanations, not mutually exclusive, for the interest-rate anomaly:

—Inflation risk premium. Even a small risk of high inflation translates into a big boost in the interest demanded by lenders. What premium would you demand in exchange for a 10 per cent risk of 20 per cent inflation? a 5 per cent risk of 50 per cent? a 2 per cent risk of 200 per cent? The sky may be looking clearer than in years, but we are continuing to pay dearly for monetary hurricane insurance. It covers the risk that this or the next Congress will decide to block Reaganomics, or that Reagan will lose in 1984 to a reflationist. People "simply do not trust the money," as supply-siders Alan Reynolds and Jude Wanniski write. This is progress, of a sort.

—The tax wedge. Most investors are in high marginal tax brackets. So they need a huge interest premium just to keep their capital from eroding. After the Feds take a 40 per cent cut, those 20 per cent bonds are really paying only 12 per cent, barely enough to beat inflation.

—Credit-market distortion. Where is all the money going that is being pulled out of stocks and bonds? A lot of it is going into the tax-exempt "All Savers" vehicles that channel money into housing and farm investments. Tax-exempt municipal bonds, which compete directly with the "All Savers" certificates, have been hardest hit in the bond-market slump. When the Administration agreed to redirect investment through a new tax preference—and into housing, an industry already among the most subsidized and tax-favored—it made a damaging concession. One high Administration official privately nicknames the clause the "All Losers" bill.

One thing emerges from the confusion: the Reaganauts have set the terms of the debate. The pro-Reagan economists may be bickering, but they are the only ones on stage. Nobody seriously considers the old nostrums: when Republican congressmen hinted at credit controls, they were met with a hail of dead cats from press and Administration alike. Almost everybody has given up on wage/price controls too, here and in the other democracies. The liberals have been forced into the traditional conservative position on deficits, and many of them even grudgingly admit that further spending cuts are needed. Perhaps the most dramatic evidence of the free-marketeers' ascendence is the ubiquity of monetarism. Consider this passage:

"Both Wall Street and Washington recognize that the Fed's credit restraint has been the most effective weapon in America's anti-inflation arsenal—and that forcing the Fed to pump up the money supply to accommodate credit demand would almost certainly misfire. . . . Investors have learned that easy money invariably presages higher inflation—and that means an increase in the cost of money, like the cost of everything else."

This concise monetarist defense of tight money comes from *Newsweek*. Not Milton Friedman's column, the news column.

The Awful Truth

As liberals inspect the polls,
Then chat with oracles and trolls,
The wizened and the wise all say
The Reagans could be here to stay.

W. H. VON DREELE

All for the Loss of a Nail

Those who enjoy internal intrigue have been treated to stories of White House meetings on the defense budget at which Caspar Weinberger displayed charts contrasting "the Reagan budget," measured with large silhouettes of soldiers carrying rifles, with "the OMB budget," illustrated with small soldiers with no rifles. Meanwhile, anyone who happened to have grown nostalgic for the days when journalists and politicians spoke Homerically of Our Bloated Defense Budget would have appreciated the *New York Times* editorial suggesting that we might save further billions by doing without the B-1 bomber, the submarine-launched Trident II missile, and the embattled MX. Even Republican Senator Pete Domenici of New Mexico, the chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, was urging further cuts.

The cuts that have been made apparently pose no immediate threat to the integrity of our defenses. Spokesmen for the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force have expressed relief that the cuts were not larger; they predict that the money will be saved by making some reductions in the procurement—not in research and development—of new weapons and in the creation of new forces. Further cuts could almost certainly be made by identifying and eliminating wasteful practices within various programs, rather than forgoing whole strategic or conventional options. The problem, as in deciding on a new weapon system, is in knowing what is really waste and what is not.

The Soviet Union, of course, does not have these problems. It was in response to the ongoing Soviet military buildup, on the scale of that of Hitler's Germany before World War II, that President Reagan

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made his campaign promise to increase the defense budget by 7 per cent annually in real dollars. The present cuts have been effected without violating this pledge only by virtue of using the lower of a number of arguable base figures. In estimating how much defense we need, errors should be avoided wherever possible, but it is better to err on the side of safety. In the continuing search for areas in which government spending can be cut, there are likelier and less dangerous targets than the national defense.

Let's Get It Straight

Former Attorney General Griffin Bell, when pressed by reporters to justify the Carter Administration's partisanship in its judicial appointments, was reported to have explained patiently, "Last November there was this thing called an election. And it was won by these people called Democrats." It was a bad justification but a valuable lesson for students of the Carter Justice Department.

Now Anthony Lewis is disappointed in the Department of Justice. In a shift from Carter Administration policy, the Department has expressed no opinion on whether the State of Texas is obliged to admit illegal aliens to its public schools. Lewis sees the shift as evidence of the Reagan Administration's "radical character." With his usual precision he concludes that the Administration does not deserve the title "conservative"—"Far from respecting precedent and continuity, it is moved by politics and ideology."

Another Reagan policy dismaying to advocates of precedent and continuity is the Justice Department's decision to take a less vigorous position than it did under the Carter Administration in favor of mandatory busing to achieve racial balance in the public schools. Benjamin Civiletti, who was Bell's successor as Attorney General under Carter, sees the change as "a retreat from effective civil-rights enforcement." And the Environmental Protection Agency recently approved a New York State plan for compliance with the federal Clean Air Act, reversing the Carter Administration's disapproval of the plan, partly on the basis of new information and partly because of the Reagan Administration's desire to allow the states more latitude in formulating their own environmental policies. Lewis sees this as yet another "break from long-settled ideas of the public interest."

Indeed, the Administration seems to have offended true conservatives the world over in its departure from established policies: Yevgeny Fyodorov, president of the Soviet Peace Committee, recently complained that "we negotiated SALT II with those we considered responsible persons and now it has been thrown out."

Disagreement on the merits of these and other Reagan policies was to be expected. But the rhetorical posture of shocked innocence adopted by so many Reagan critics, and the equation of "conservatism" with automatic adherence to past government policy, are unhelpful. The Justice Department is taking more moderate positions on busing and states' rights because its new officials do not *believe* the Constitution requires racial-balance busing or the provision of services by the states to illegal aliens on the same basis as to legal residents. The EPA is charged with giving specific content to the rather vague provisions of federal legislation; it has no duty to interpret all these provisions in the same way as predecessor Administrations interpreted them. The SALT treaty, of course, was never ratified by the Senate, and the Soviets understood that it would be a nullity until and unless such ratification occurred. Moreover, all of these policy changes were prominent features of candidate Reagan's campaign platform—and of his opponents' arguments against his election.

The only surprise is that we have not experienced the traditional post-election return to politics as usual. Presidential candidates have run against SALT, busing, judicial legislation, and overregulation by the federal bureaucracy before, without feeling any great responsibility to do anything about these problems after the election. For Messrs. Lewis, Civiletti, Fyodorov, and others who lost the 1980 election, this departure from precedent and continuity offers a valuable lesson: Last fall there were these things called promises. And they were made by this man called Reagan.

Halt! Stop This Appointment!

Together, the National Endowment for the Humanities and the National Endowment for the Arts dispose of around $300 million per year. They exercise a powerful influence on the cultural life of the nation through the grants they award and the personalities they elevate to notice and endorse, as in the annual NEH Jefferson Prize. The two Endowments are tone-setters. They can, as they have done, breathe life into university programs in feminist militancy, black and Hispanic militancy, etc. The two Endowments can be corrupted, and they can corrupt. And their chairmen enjoy considerable social prestige in Washington.

Incredibly, the Reagan Administration seems to be moving toward the appointment of a liberal establishmentarian as chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities. As chairman of the UCLA English Department, as Vice Provost of that university, and as Executive Director of the Modern Language Association, William Schaefer compiled a record of

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caving in before all demands from the cultural Left. As the operating director of the MLA he did nothing to check its progress toward becoming an ideological zoo. Ostensibly a scholarly organization, it went in for gay caucuses, feminist caucuses, Hispanic caucuses. In all of this, Schaefer was truckling to regnant fashion. Schaefer is not a conservative, and he is not a prominent intellectual. He is not even a schematic liberal. At best, very best, he is a Vicar of Bray. He has no record of supporting the Republican Party.

Why his candidacy should have advanced as far as it has remains a subject for investigation. There are proven men and women available. The former chairman, Professor Ronald Berman of the University of California, ran a sound Endowment; Professor Robert Hollander of Princeton has served on the National Council of the Endowment, and is one of the world's leading Dante scholars. Hollander's appointment as chairman is being blocked by President William Bowen of Princeton, who—for unknown reasons, in that he is a liberal Democrat—has influence in this area within the Reagan Administration. Professor M. E. Bradford of the University of Dallas has solid scholarly and political credentials. And there are others, others.

The Schaefer operation simply has to be halted. And we need to find out just who in the Administration got it under way in the first place. Stay tuned.

Roy Wilkins, R I P

Perhaps someone who knew him well will one day write about it, but one suspects that Roy Wilkins, in his last years, might have indulged a certain impatience in some of the younger men, some of whom fancied themselves his disciples, others of whom fancied themselves as having transcended the old man who once led the civil-rights movement. Roy Wilkins had, really, three things going for him. A view of the Constitution which one might call the Warren Court View, a lifelong belief that the Constitution and Jim Crow are ultimately incompatible—and a personal good nature. His belief in the Constitution seemed to transcend his belief, merely, in rights for blacks. He believed, in short, that under the protection of the Constitution minorities could prosper. The recent appropriation of the Constitution as an instrument for the advancement of colored people is not, we suspect, what he had in mind. But his impatience with modern modes was infrequently expressed. (Once he said, in using the word "Negro," that he had struggled all his life to make acceptable that designation, and would not now desert it to say "black.") Perhaps this is speculation. Not so the matter of his geniality, which all who experienced him knew. An admirable human being, whose death we mourn.

William Loeb, R I P

Those who knew William Loeb only through his slam-bang editorials in the *Manchester Union-Leader* would not have guessed that he was a genial, even courtly man, warm, courteous, and eager to be helpful.

As a journalist he was a throwback to the brawling, sensationalist style of such earlier giants as William Randolph Hearst and Colonel Robert McCormick. He believed that the effective way to get a point across to the readers was to make it loudly and starkly, and in the language the readers themselves used, even when scandalously uncharitable. Thus McGovern supporters were "left-wing kooks." Jack Kennedy was "the Number One liar in the United States." Nelson Rockefeller was "a wife-swapper." Going all-out to help Reagan win the 1980 primary in New Hampshire, Loeb ridiculed George Bush and published attacks on Phil Crane and his wife accusing them of alcoholism, sexual escapades, and what-not. In 1972, Loeb may have administered the coup de grace to Edmund Muskie when Muskie was reduced to tears in front of the *Union-Leader* building because of Loeb's attacks on him and his wife.

Sometimes effective, sometimes misfiring, this was the bare-knuckled journalism of the Gilded Age or the Roaring Twenties. But there is another side to the *Manchester Union-Leader*. Its coverage of New Hamp-

"Senator, the Private Sector is here to see you."

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shire news on a day-to-day basis is thorough and professional. No businessman or state politician would be without the morning edition. For the information it provides, the paper is indispensable. In addition, Loeb was an American democrat, and, reflecting this, the paper publishes an exceptionally long letters-to-the-editor section.

In non-journalistic ways too, Loeb was connected with an earlier America. His father was President Theodore Roosevelt's personal secretary, and Roosevelt was Loeb's godfather. TR was Loeb's ideal; he described himself as a "Teddy Roosevelt conservative." Like his hero, Loeb was an enthusiastic outdoorsman, and a conservationist, a position that did not prevent him from supporting nuclear power, especially at the Seabrook plant in New Hampshire, the focus of anti-nuclear protest in the area.

Loeb's Progressive Era conservatism included some surprises. He favored a 100 per cent inheritance tax, for example, on the grounds that everyone should start out on as equal a basis as possible. His will stipulated that his newspaper be controlled by its employees after his death, although he attempted to ensure that those employees shared his own conservative philosophy. William Loeb was an American original, a very distinctive being, and both his friends and his enemies always knew that they were in the presence of a powerful field of force. —JH

Alec Waugh, R I P

When this journal was very young we approached Alec Waugh to serve as travel editor, a position he immediately accepted. We were flattered by this act of recognition, and our admiration of Mr. Waugh was only slightly diminished when we came to learn that his practice was never, ever to turn down a literary commission from anyone, at any time. Whence his copious production—fifty books, and fifty times fifty times fifty (if that is technically possible) articles. Six days out of seven spent in writing, which however never got in the way of his unimpeachable good manners, good humor, and good taste. Unlike his brother, he sought primarily to please, and with one or two exceptions (e.g., his very first book, *The Loom of Youth*, written at age 19, in which he revealed the homosexual element in British public-school life) succeeded in doing so. He pleased us greatly, personally and professionally, and so we join in mourning his death, at 83, in Tampa.

Lowell Thomas, R I P

Practically everything about Lowell Thomas was widely remarked at the time of his death save his extraordinary kindness toward younger people. There are those who do, and those who do not, resent talent in men and women who are viewed in some way as potential competitors. *All about Eve* is the classic American comedy-melodrama on the subject. If Lowell Thomas had seen it he'd have been, for the first time in his life perhaps, at a loss for words over what it was exactly that Bette Davis resented in Anne Baxter. His personal poise was absolute; but he was never vain. His style was absolutely authentic, absolutely un-mannered. His memory was prodigious: he could recall a conversation he had with a cabinet minister when traveling across the Atlantic in 1922. And, supreme surprise, he was neither boring not overbearing. There cannot have been a nicer man, as talented as he was endearing, in professional journalism.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your letter agonizing over the financial woes of NATIONAL REVIEW is the first good news I've had all summer.

If things get really desperate, please keep me informed. Good news is really hard to find under this Administration.

With best wishes to you personally, but no check for NATIONAL REVIEW, I remain

Sincerely,
Jerry Wurf
International President
American Federation of State, County,
and Municipal Employees
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Wurf: Isn't it a pity we can't just direct our subscribers how much to pay into the coffers! Any advice on how you manage these, ah, matters is always welcome. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

For three million tax-free dollars ($3,000,000.00) I will show you the solution to the riddle of the Holy Trinity. I will allow you to reveal the solution in your next Blackford Oakes novel—although, of course, all rights to my own manuscript will remain reserved to myself.

My solution makes Rubik's Cube seem like a kid's game. You will easily recoup your investment: with my help your next novel could become the *super best-seller* of the century!

The riddle of the Holy Trinity is also like Rubik's Cube: solving one face of the cube makes the game

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Amoco is using America's greatest resource to increase oil and natural gas production today.

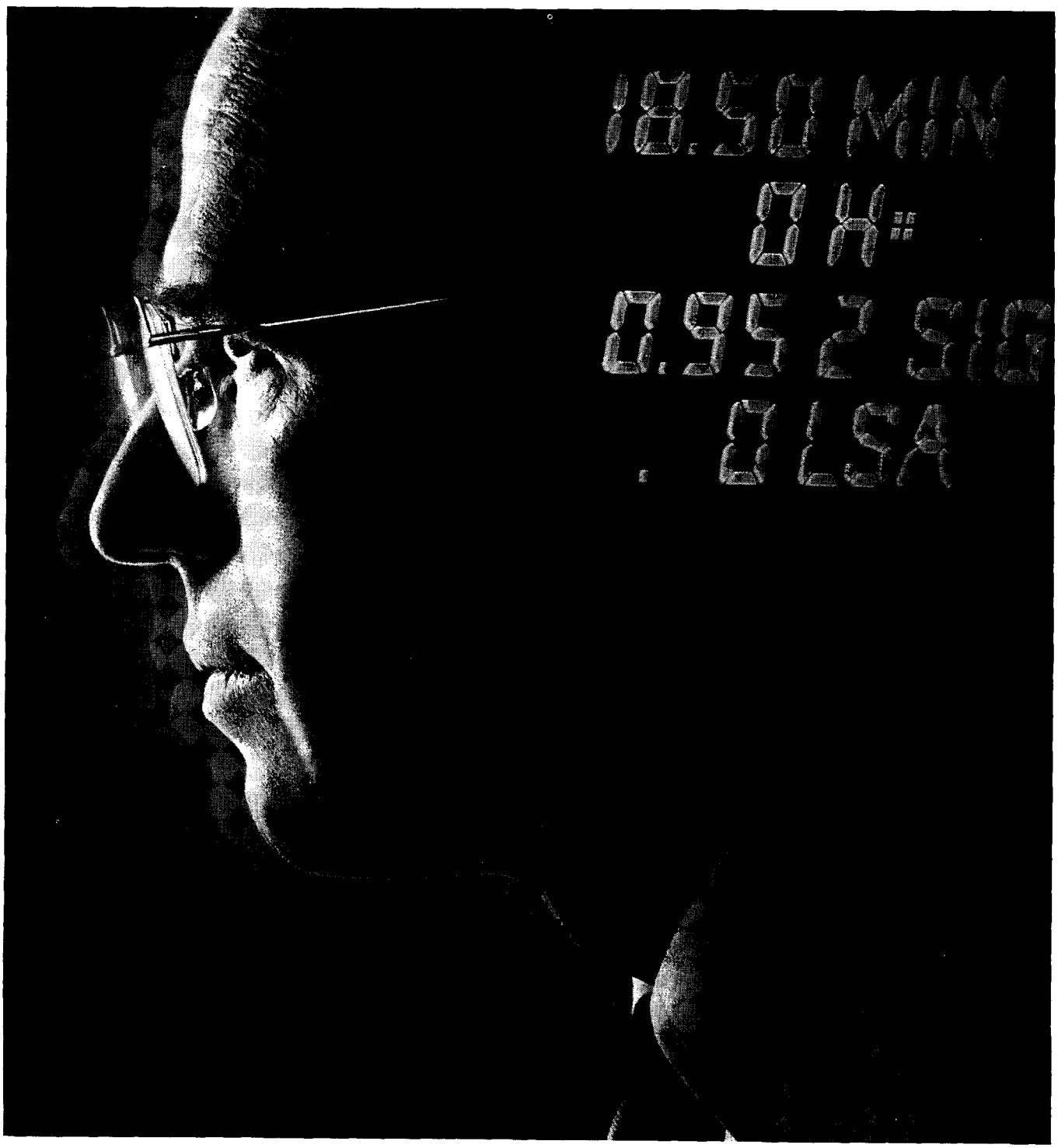
The creativity and ingenuity that made America the world's most productive innovator is at work at Amoco. Using the latest technology in almost every physical science, Amoco researchers are working on the energy America will need in the year 2000.

In our Naperville, Illinois laboratories, microbiologists are finding ways to use energy stored in simple plant life. Solid state physicists are investigating the photovoltaic effect. In Tulsa, Amoco scientists are exploring ways to extract oil from the most complex geological formations in the country. And in Colorado, engineers are investigating ways to recover the oil locked in shale.

Amoco scientists and technologists are dedicated to the search for the energy needed to keep America growing in the year 2000 and beyond.

AMOCO

You expect more from a leader.



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more difficult but, at the same time, less perverse—it demonstrates the "honesty" of the puzzle. The honest solution of at least one face proves that, although it is just a game, at least it's not a joke.

If you are not prepared to gamble all, I can solve *one* face of the Holy Trinity for fifty thousand dollars, tax free ($50,000.00). Send a certified check as quickly as possible.

Pablo Corral
New York, N.Y.

P.S.: By the way, have you read that wonderful novel, *The Clan of the Cave Bear*? It should be a lesson for conservatives.

Dear Mr. Corral: Blackford Oakes reports that it is illegal to spend Agency money in the United States. Please write to the CIA from a foreign safe house, and for heaven's sake don't tell anybody what we're up to! Cordially, WFB

■ Memo to: WFB
From: Will Dunbar

I have written some of our contributors asking for fresh photographs for the contents page. Answers from Arnold Beichman and George V. Higgins suggest there will be a delay. See attached.

Beichman: "Due to a 45-day mail strike in this benighted land [Canada], your letter was just received. Even without the mail strike, it will probably take as long for you to receive the enclosed photo. By then, I shall have aged considerably and you will want an up-to-date photo. Ça ira."

Higgins: "Refusing to bow to the reality of the matter, I have had new pictures taken again, in hopes of securing something that faithfully reflects what I insist is my actual pulchritude. Over the years, Eastman Kodak has shown a handsome profit as a result of this determination of mine, however farfetched it may be.

"Anyway, as soon as I get something I can bear to have displayed, I will send a photo along. Sorry for the delay—photographers are even more dilatory than writers."

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

OK. I'm going to try. Reagan reads *NR*. Considering the success he has had so far in Washington, I'm going to submit to you, you lucky editor, a solution to the most vexing unemployment problem facing us. If Reagan reads this, one more problem will be solved.

You may wonder why I'm choosing you. Well, I gave this solution to Guy Vander Jagt in 1968, and his response was that "it won't fly in Washington for two reasons: one, it doesn't give control over people to the social planners, and two, it makes too much sense." He muffed his chance. Now it's your turn. You fail at your peril!!

It's simple. Any wage paid by any person to any other person will be 100 per cent deductible from the payor's taxable gross income so long as such wage is reported (with all applicable Social Security taxes, withholding taxes, etc. included) to the appropriate government bodies.

What will this do?

It will allow A, who is wealthier than B and who has some discretionary money available, to hire B to do some disagreeable task that A wishes to avoid. Such tasks include mowing the lawn, washing the car, doing the dishes, and mopping the floor.

The net effects will be to 1) redistribute the wealth (I throw this in first to disarm the enemy), 2) put the non-skilled to work (one for our side), 3) force low-income workers to file income-tax returns (to obtain their refunds, if any, or avoid going to jail for tax evasion), 4) raise the status of menial labor (one for the Founding Fathers!), 5) reduce unemployment compensation claims (to help Chrysler), 6) raise the wage level at the bottom of the wage scale ("I don't do windows" will change to "I'll do windows if the price is right"), 7) not require any new bureaucracy in Washington (the income-tax people are already in place, and the forms all too familiar to nearly everyone), and 8) produce a chain reaction of other wonderful objectives, too numerous to include in a short letter.

If you do not publish this letter and commission some bright scholar to examine it in depth (I will modestly volunteer) I shall go over your head and contact George Gilder directly. And if he, perchance too preoccupied to notice this unique opportunity, should fail me, I shall appeal directly to the top. I'll tell Stockman!

Very truly yours,
Thomas R. Busard, MD
Bradenton, Fla.

Dear Dr. Busard: Your idea now officially exists! Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

A passing thought . . . Maybe those Navy F-14s from the *Nimitz* should be sent to California to take on the Medfly . . . they've already proven they can handle one Mediterranean pest!

Ojars Kalnins
Chicago, Ill.

—WFB

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The Current WISDOM

Postscript

NEAL B. FREEMAN

WELL HERE it is, the last day of school. The press of business will be taking us away from Washington and away from the typewriter, and, accordingly, we have asked the boss man for an extended leave. Before we slip off into the bound volumes, however, we will be forgiven, won't we?, a grab for the last word. So listen up.

To the Quipper. If you listen carefully in the stillness of the night, you will hear the termites masticating. They are working on the reputation of David Stockman. They seek to transform him from the Stakhanovite budget-cutter of the first two hundred days into the political liability of the mid-term elections. *Chomp, chomp, chomp.* Now it is well known that Stockman presents a nubile target for bureaucratic termites, editorial cartoonists, and other malefactors of public taste: as a personality, he is no threat to the memory of Louis Armstrong. But ask yourself this question: could Satchmo have closed down Community Services? Do you have anybody on the bench who can argue convincingly for *additional* cuts in the '82 budget? Is there anybody else you would trust with the knife when the incision reaches the vital organs—Social Security and national defense? The answers are no, no, and no. (Perhaps you could have Speakes leak it to *Newsweek* that Nancy just *adores* Stockman. That would give pause to the little people of the underground kingdom.)

Another fellow you should listen to is John Lehman, your Secretary of the Navy. He happens to be correct: there *is* fat in the military budget and you shouldn't tolerate it there any more than you tolerate it in the mother-lode of the poverty-industrial complex. We understand and share your bias against defense-budget cuts. At least you're getting *something* for the public dollar at the Pentagon. But they are beginning to gold-watch you, and you must put out the unambiguous signal that such nonsense won't play in your Peoria. (In the gold-watch technique, the brass will cut funding for your favorite weapon system first, loading the overspill onto nonessential items. The hawks on the Hill will then "restore" the cuts to the sexy system.) Lehman is young and tough, and if there is anybody in your Administration who has fewer illusions about the Soviets, he's probably sitting in the Oval Office. Be caught by a *Post* photographer shaking Lehman's hand.

THEN there is the matter of Alexander Haig. He seems to have offended everybody in the White House but the President himself. Which means that you should keep him. He has served you and the nation well and will serve you better still with your public support. We have talked with many of Haig's old friends about his shaky performance at State over the past eight months. They explain his troubles in three ways: 1) physiological changes resulting from the bypass surgery; 2) lack of personal rapport with your principal White House aides; and 3) frustration at his apparent inability to generate broad Administration support for his policies. Now that he has acclimated himself to the taxing pace of his job, he comes closer each day to becoming the kind of Secretary of State you thought you were appointing last January. He needs only the solid, steady support of his boss.

To Tip O'Neill. Please don't retire. Your party needs you.

To the readers of this journal. It has been an intimidating environment, all right, knowing that many of the readers are more thoughtful, more literate than the writer. More than a few times these past three years, we have been tempted to pick up a stranger's letter, scrawl across the top, "This is more interesting than anything I could come up with this week," and dispatch it to Her Managing Editorship. Not wishing to risk her devastatingly gentle rebuke, we refrained. But we want it known that your heuristic and generous letters have been much appreciated. We have gained at least a dozen pen-pals for life.

To the editorial gremlins. It is axiomatic in publishing that a writer's most lambent witticisms wind up not in the pages of the magazine but in the wastebaskets of anonymous style editors. Alas, we can make no such claim in the presence of a polygraph. What you saw was what you got. But now that we are no longer in a position to cast the second stone, we invite one gremlin to 'fess up. Who was it who excised from our copy every reference save one to Daniel Patrick Moynihan?

To the New Right. You have earned the gratitude of millions of Americans by raising important issues to priority attention. The fashionable few would like nothing more than to be able to ignore the nettles of abortion, busing, school prayer, recreational drugs. You won't let them, and good for you. At the same time, you are displaying a knack for tactical clumsiness. On the abortion front, for instance, the President senses that the country is not ready to accept his leadership on this question. By any objective reading, his judgment is sound. Better to prepare the ground and move when political conditions are auspicious than to invite defeat, however glorious, however fecund in terms of mailing-list generation. You must understand that every time one of your leaders does the press conference number on the President for "breaking faith with his supporters" the White House staff digs in its heels a tad deeper: they have long memories and they can't seem to remember when your leaders were counted among the President's supporters. They remember only your support for Crane and Connally and Al Haig—and your public contempt for Reagan-Bush. With this particular President you will be well advised to present your cause as a moral obligation rather than as a political debt.

To our indefatigable correspondent in Marion, Ohio with the red typewriter ribbon. Same to you, Ace.

To the boss. The column was your risk and our pleasure. Thanks for taking the one and giving the other. □

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The Firm Touch

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

If there is one thing dictators and sundry bullies like in an adversary, it is indecisiveness. Vacillation, weakness are grist to totalitarian mills.

Faced with Neville Chamberlain's weakness of resolve, Hitler made a quick meal of Czechoslovakia. Faced with the naïve vacillations of Jimmy Carter, Brezhnev gobbled Ethiopia and South Yemen, and bit deep into Afghanistan. Fidel Castro, likewise, set up a mini-satellite of his very own in Grenada, had a nice line in subversion in Jamaica, picked up the spoils in Nicaragua, and stirred the pot in Guatemala and El Salvador.

Now, suddenly, the nasties are up against firm and decisive government. Brezhnev and his experts rather enjoyed wrapping Carter's arms-control team round their little fingers with SALT II (mercifully unratified). Now, suddenly, they face an Administration that sees no special advantage in negotiating from weakness and actually wants to restore the nuclear balance in Europe, so badly disturbed when the Russians deployed their SS-20s.

One of the first to feel this smack of firm leadership was the impossible Colonel Qaddafi, who had been enjoying a nice long run of easy victories in Africa. Suddenly, the Reagan Administration calls his bluff in the Gulf of Sidra (which the Libyan leader, in defiance of international law and common sense, claims as territorial waters), and for his pains he loses two of his costly Soviet jets. I found this episode most refreshing and could not help noting that newspapers like the liberal *Guardian*, which has had rude things to say about cowboys in high places, suddenly went all respectful about Ronald Reagan.

Moral Relativity

Then what? The South Africans, tried beyond endurance by the forays into Namibia by the terrorists/guerrillas of the Moscow-backed SWAPO, cross the border into Angola with military force and even bomb some SWAPO training camps. And suddenly, those who were impressed by Reagan's firmness are critical of P. W. Botha's. (Apartheid, you see, impairs objective judgment.) The British Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington, called in the South African ambassador and demanded the immediate withdrawal of his country's troops.

This attitude is worth examining, along with what one might without disrespect to the memory of Einstein term the theory of political and moral relativity. Some people call it double standards.

What, after all, were the widely hated South Africans doing? Their version of it was that they were exercising the time-honored principle of hot pursuit. If SWAPO's killers, trained, incidentally (with Soviet blessing), by Cubans and East Germans on Angolan soil, cross the border to murder, maim, and intimidate, then cross back to safe havens after the deed—then surely the Marxist government of Angola is on shaky ground when it yells "aggression" and appeals to the UN.

The Israelis know all about hot pursuit, and for that matter, President Nixon's much criticized bombing of Cambodia was a form of it, since the Vietcong enjoyed safe haven on the territory of that unfortunate country.

De facto, South Africa remains the resident authority in Namibia, and if SWAPO crosses the border to improve its chances at presumed forthcoming polls, and the South Africans then chase it across the same border but going the other way, there should be little cause for those not involved in the war to be either scandalized or even surprised. As for the UN, it forfeited any moral standing in the matter when it arbitrarily recognized SWAPO as sole representatives of the people of Namibia.

The British attitude toward the South African incursion is curiously hypocritical. Lord Carrington's African policy is dominated by the absolute need, as it is perceived, to keep on good terms with black Africans and especially with the Nigerians, who are far enough away from South Africa to top the decibel chart for denunciations of apartheid. In the Foreign Secretary's ideal world, South Africa would say nothing and do nothing, regardless of mounting threats to the north. Let SWAPO come to power, as Mugabe did in Zimbabwe. What matter, so long as Nigerian susceptibilities remain unruffled.

Besides, to condemn South Africa is such an inexpensive way of earning kudos. Forget or disregard the deathly plight the West in general would find itself in if Soviet-backed Marxists ever came to power in South Africa itself. Fortunately the prospect is distant; but it will remain distant only so long as the South Africans are prepared, in the face of generalized hostility, to look after their own security, hot pursuit not excluded.

All of this, I confess, makes my mind turn obstinately to El Salvador. In many ways, it is a test case of American resolve. Like Nicaragua under the late President Somoza, the regime of El Salvador is one which many well-intentioned people love to hate. Absentee landlords and an oppressed peasantry: the mixture is ready-made as a hate symbol for the Left. Even the advent of a civilian social democrat, José Napoleón Duarte, as head of a largely military government caused hardly a passing ripple to disturb the united front of hate. It will therefore take courage, of the special kind that Ronald Reagan so clearly has, to make sure the Left is defeated.

Whose Backyard?

After all, the lesson of Nicaragua is there for all to see. Somoza could be rough, and many people had reason to resent his rule. By allowing him to fall, however, President Carter delivered his country into the hands of a Cuban-led band of totalists which lost no time in filling the jails.

In the case of El Salvador, the facts are clear. Indeed, they were carefully assembled and surfaced by the State Department last February. The rebels in El Salvador are in receipt of arms from Cuba, East Germany, Vietnam, Ethiopia, the PLO, and the master of them all, the USSR. Moreover, El Salvador is right in America's backyard. If Russia and its surrogates get away with this one, they will conclude that the sky, after all, remains the limit.

I, for one, have faith that a President who can put the embattled air controllers out for the count and give Qaddafi a bloodied nose will display equal firmness in El Salvador. □

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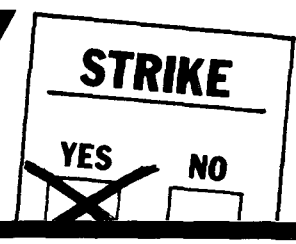
THE AIR-TRAFFIC CONTROLLERS

THEY STRUCK A BLOW FOR TYRANNY

Their strike has caused incalculable losses but it may also have resulted in a gain beyond price—it may have awakened the nation to the perils of public-employee unionism



JAMES J. KILPATRICK

THE STRIKE of the nation's air-traffic controllers began at 7 o'clock on the morning of Monday, August 3. A month later, save for a few mutterings and speculations, the story had dropped out of the news. Mr. Reagan had won, it was said, and the controllers' union had lost.

There was more to the story than this. The losses resulting from the strike stretched far beyond the small controllers' union, and Mr. Reagan's gain was substantial but temporary. The greatest gain will come if the strike serves to awaken Americans everywhere to the growing peril of public-employee unionism. The striking controllers accomplished nothing for themselves, but they may have accomplished a vast deal for everyone else.

The controllers' walkout imposed upon the country the first nationwide strike by a union of federal employees. It was thus far more disturbing than the job action of postal workers that closed six hundred post offices in March of 1970. The controllers' strike was a strike of truly national dimensions. It had been a long time brewing.

When the strike began, the Federal Aviation Administration had on its payroll 25,635 controllers, but roughly 4,600 were assigned to flight service stations and another 4,600 were trainees, specialists, and supervisors. The controllers who figured directly in the events of August 3 and thereafter were the 8,780 assigned to the nation's airport-terminal control towers and the 7,632 who work at "en route" control centers. These were the 16,412 individuals within the bargaining unit represented by the Professional Air Traffic Controllers Organization (PATCO).

For purposes of salary and promotion, the nation's air-control system is organized along five levels, depending chiefly upon traffic volume and to a much lesser extent upon the presence of such hazards as nearby mountains. At the lowest level are such airports as Charlottesville, Va. and Joplin, Mo. Level II embraces 158 airports, among them Omaha, Neb. and Huntington, W. Va. The 108 airports in Level III include Long Beach, Calif. and Erie, Pa. Only 38 airports are classified at Level IV, among them Phoenix, Kansas City, and Baltimore. At the highest level (16 airports) are such busy fields as O'Hare in Chicago, Los Angeles International, and Washington National.

Less familiar to air travelers, but no less essential to the system's operations, are the en-route centers. There are ten of these in the continental United States; another five are located in Hawaii, Alaska, Puerto Rico, Panama, and Guam. The domestic system, taken as a whole, keeps tab on 14,000 scheduled airline flights that on the average haul 800,000 passengers every day. The daily traffic volume also includes the freighters that fly ten thousand tons of air cargo, most of it by night, and the thousands of privately owned planes that are classified as "general aviation." The scheduled commercial airlines employ over 300,000 persons; they take in $30 billion a year in passenger revenues; and their operations constitute about 3 per cent of the gross national product.

This was the system and the industry that PATCO sought to bring to its knees on August 3.

The confrontation between the controllers and the government had been building almost from the moment PATCO was organized in January 1968, by a group of controllers in the New York area. Only seven months elapsed before the union staged a "work to rules" slowdown. The following summer saw a brief sick-out by 477 controllers. Again in the spring of 1970, three thousand union members went on strike. Yet again, in July of 1976, a PATCO slowdown disrupted traffic.

The Background

During this period both government and industry had retaliated in various ways. The 1970 strike, triggered by the FAA's involuntary transfer of three controllers in Baton Rouge, saw nearly one thousand controllers suspended and 52 of them fired. The Air Transport Association won an undisclosed sum in out-of-court settlement of a $50-million damage suit against the union. Early in 1971 the Department of Labor stripped PATCO of its status as an accredited union, but recognition was restored a few months later when PATCO agreed to post notices declaring it would not engage in illegal job actions. The federal courts put the union under a continuing no-strike injunction. PATCO was building a reputation as the government's most militant union.

Some of this militancy may have been justified. During

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the whole of the 1970s, the air-traffic-control system suffered from inadequate equipment. Some of the control towers, notably the radar installation at O'Hare, were sorely understaffed. At the Level IV and Level V centers, where traffic is exceptionally heavy, controllers complained constantly of stress leading to the condition known as "burnout." Computers kept breaking down. The controllers felt they were justly entitled to higher compensation and easier retirement provisions than other federal workers.

Little by little, in response to these protests, the FAA did wangle from Congress appropriations for upgrading the equipment. Salaries were in fact improved to the point that controllers were earning roughly $33,000 on average when the storm broke this year. The pay range extended from $15,193 for an entering trainee at Step 1 of the government's Grade 7 to a maximum of $49,229 at the top step of Grade 14. Few of the controllers were at the maximum, but by reason of overtime and night differentials many of them were earning in the high thirties and low forties.

The increasing militancy also was owing in part to a change in the union's command. In March of 1978 a three-year contract had been signed for PATCO by the then president, John Leyden. He had sought to replace what he termed "gunboat" tactics with "a firm and reasonable persuasion." Such civility did not impress union firebrands. Early in 1980 the restless controllers dumped Leyden in favor of Robert Poli. "It was a difference in philosophy," Poli told the *New York Times*. "I guess I'm more a militant than he is." Under Poli's guidance, the union began building a strike fund, and in April of last year Poli sent to his members a voluminous "educational package." Its purpose was to educate them in staging the strike to come.

The package contained a long legal memorandum from the union's executive vice president, Robert E. Meyer, reminding members bluntly that "it is illegal for the air-traffic controllers to strike." There would be injunctions, and, if the injunctions were not obeyed, contempt proceedings would follow. Federal law would require the termination of employment for controllers who joined the strike. Meyer spelled it out. But the bulk of the manual was devoted to meticulous preparations—down to the entertainment to be provided at union meetings, the better to boost morale—and these careful preparations contributed to the astonishing union solidarity that would be demonstrated in August. PATCO isn't just a union, Poli said. "It's a religion."

A copy of the PATCO manual fell into the government's hands in the summer of 1980. The document resulted in counter-preparations by the FAA. On November 13, 1980, the FAA published in the *Federal Register* its own meticulous 24-page manual of steps to be taken in response to a PATCO strike. Depending upon the number of absent controllers, air traffic would be reduced by specific percentages. This, too, was all spelled out.

One more event played a part. On October 20, candidate Ronald Reagan wrote a letter to Poli implicitly acknowledging the "unreasonable hours and obsolete equipment" that prevailed in the air-control system. "You can rest assured," Reagan said, "that if I am elected President I will take whatever steps are necessary to provide our air-traffic controllers with the most modern equipment available and to adjust staff levels and work days so that they are commensurate

with achieving a maximum degree of public safety." He pledged that his Administration "will work very closely with you and bring about a spirit of cooperation between the President and the air-traffic controllers." Later the union would describe this letter as Reagan's oath.

Such was the situation in February 1981, when negotiators for PATCO and the FAA began talks on a new contract. The union laid on the table a list of 96 demands, among them a raise of $10,000 across the board for each of the 16,412 controllers within the bargaining unit. The union asked for two annual cost-of-living increases at one and a half times the rate of inflation. Another demand called for a four-day, 32-hour week, with a 20 per cent differential (instead of 10 per cent) for night work. Under the 1978 contract, controllers were permitted to retire at age fifty at 50 per cent of a certain averaged pay after twenty years; the union asked for 75 per cent of highest pay after twenty years at any age. Various other demands would have put the cost of the agreement at $1.1 billion in the first year alone.

Stratospheric Demands

The FAA's bargaining team had been expecting some far-out demands, but nothing so "outrageous" as this. The government responded by offering a $40-million package that would include a raise of $4,000 across the board, an increase in the night differential, and pay at time and a half for the last four hours of a forty-hour week. There were other sweeteners, but they sweetened very little.

Across this chasm, bargaining continued sporadically through the spring and early summer. The union moderated its first-year demands to something in the neighborhood of $500 to $681 million, depending upon whose estimates one may believe. The FAA agreed to let PATCO decide how the government's $40-million package might be allocated. At last, on June 22, Poli's executive board accepted the FAA's final offer. "I feel good about it," said Poli.

Ten days later the union's executive board felt bad about it. Now the agreement was "an insult." It was "garbage." Put to a membership vote, the tentative contract collapsed by a

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help!!!!

Khomeini's Lament; or Bani-Sadr's Gone Awa'

My Bani lies over in Paris.
My Bani lies all about me.
My Bani is Sadr but wiser.
Oh, bring back my Bani to me.

Bring back, oh, bring back
The head of my Bani to me . . .
(Repeat 500 times)

—Jack Kirwan

"Not so fast, David. The weevils have infested our marijuana crop."

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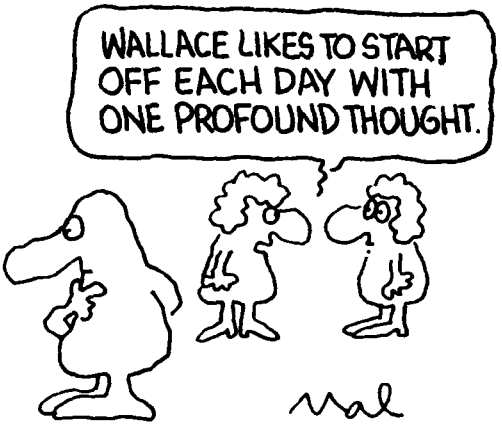

Graston, *Windsor Star*

Rotheo

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margin of 20 to 1. On July 31, Poli called a news conference. If the government would not agree at once to the union's three principal demands—the $10,000 raise, the 32-hour week, and improved retirement—the controllers would strike on August 3. The FAA asked for an extension of this peremptory deadline. Poli refused. At a couple of feeble weekend bargaining sessions, the government raised its offer, under certain conditions, to a $50-million package. Poli rejected the conditions. Time ran out and, on Monday morning, so did 13,000 controllers.

The strike was a monumental miscalculation on both sides. The government, for its part, had anticipated that at least 80 per cent of the controllers would obey a presidential ultimatum and return to their posts. The figure actually approximated 20 per cent. The government felt confident that court orders, fines, and criminal prosecutions would be effective. They weren't. It seemed incredible to FAA officials that thousands of experienced controllers, most of them with wives, children, station wagons, and mortgages, would give up jobs in patent defiance of federal law and their own contractual oaths not to strike. The government underestimated the magnetism of Poli's leadership and the depths of the controllers' grievances.

But it was a worse miscalculation on the part of PATCO. The strike came at a moment when the public was fed up to the teeth with the baseball players' strike. The postal unions had just won a hefty contract after ominous warnings of a walkout. To many Americans the controllers' salaries seemed remarkably generous. The idea of a strike against the government, jeopardizing safety of air travel, was an idea on which the public choked. The union woefully underestimated the determination of Ronald Reagan. Poli and his board felt certain the President was bluffing in his August 3 announcement that controllers would find their employment terminated if they failed to return to work in 48 hours. More than anything, they overestimated their own indispensability. *Time* magazine quoted a Houston controller: "The reality is, we are it. They have to deal with us." Leaders of PATCO thought other unions, in both the public and private sectors, would honor their picket lines and support the strike. They were wrong. There had been no prior consultation with the AFL-CIO. As a consequence the affronted chiefs of organized labor gave little more than lip support to the PATCO strike. The worst of it was, the planes kept flying.

It's a Kamikaze

There was worse to come. Around the country, federal judges imposed massive fines upon the union. By August 19, at least eight striking controllers had been indicted for violation of the federal law against strikes by federal unions; criminal charges were then pending against 42 others. On August 13, John H. Fenton, chief administrative law judge of the Federal Labor Relations Authority, recommended outright decertification of the union for its "open, flagrant, willful, and intentional" violation of the no-strike law. Dozens of civil suits against the union were filed in federal courts. In Oklahoma City, where the FAA maintains its training academy for prospective controllers, upwards of

sixty thousand applications poured in. The academy said it could triple its output of trainees within one year. In the airport towers and en-route centers, supervisors, non-striking controllers, and military controllers moved smoothly into the breach. The planes kept flying, though at reduced levels, and the whole system moved more smoothly than before. With the misfits, disgrunts, grousers, and goof-offs outside on the picket lines, airline pilots found the traffic-control corps better than ever. The controllers had struck a blow for tyranny—and missed.

Politically speaking, Mr. Reagan made no miscalculation at all. He correctly judged the public's resentment against strikes in general and the controllers' threat in particular. He found it hard to go wrong in directly confronting a small union, 94 per cent male and 91.5 per cent white—a union, moreover, that would be striking in clear violation of statutory law, court injunctions, and personal oaths. By making a distinction between a right to strike in the private sector, which he specifically endorsed, and a right to strike in the public sector, which he specifically denied, Mr. Reagan put himself on high ground.

The one thing that might have reversed the adversary positions would have been an airline disaster clearly chargeable to controller error. No such disaster has occurred, and as time goes on the possibility of such a disaster will diminish. In the strike's first month, PATCO spokesmen made daily prophecies of doom. They besieged the media with statistics on near misses reported to the union, but the FAA countered with its own figures on near misses in the same period a year ago. The figures suggested that nobody's perfect. The controllers' argument was that the supervisors, military substitutes, and inexperienced controllers who were pressed into duty would soon begin to burn out from the tensions of overwork. The blood of slain passengers would be on Mr. Reagan's hands.

These contentions, earnestly expressed, focused attention on the controllers' basic complaint—that their duties are so physically demanding that whole new pay scales and retirement programs should be instituted by way of compensation.

The available evidence on this point is not convincing. No one familiar with air travel would deny that at peak periods

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at major towers and en-route centers, the controller's job can be fearfully demanding. In December 1978 Dr. Robert M. Rose published a massive 655-page study of the health hazards observed over a three-year period among 416 male controllers in New York and New England. He found a "significantly increased prevalence and incidence of hypertension over comparative groups." Within his sample, 135 had borderline or definite hypertension when the study began, and another 36 developed hypertension during the three years. Dr. Rose found no more than a slight increase in peptic ulcers over his control group, and though half of his controllers had at least one psychiatric problem during the period of the study, this did not strike Dr. Rose, himself a psychiatrist, as notably alarming.

The Rose report did find that among the controllers, "alcohol use was high." More than half the subjects were classified as "heavy drinkers," though only four could be identified as out-and-out alcoholics. This finding suggests that some of the controllers' shakes and tremors may not be owing to burnout, but rather to simple hangover.

Perhaps the fairest evaluation of the controllers' complaint lies somewhere in the middle. At the busiest installations, the stress is greater than in most stressful jobs, but among the 16,000 controllers as a group the tensions are certainly not unique and probably not even unusual. PATCO spokesmen have made much of their contention that 89 per cent of the controllers never make it to retirement because they burn out beforehand and become medically disqualified, but the statistic is slippery and I cannot get a handle on it.

Private *v.* Public Strikes

Other data in this affair are as hard to pin down. During the first three weeks of the strike, the commercial airlines suffered revenue losses of roughly $200 million. August is always their busiest month. The carriers anticipate that revenue losses of $10 million a day will continue for some time to come. The effect on profits, as distinguished from revenues, is not easily projected. With lower fuel and payroll costs, and with elimination of some profitless routes, several of the carriers are in the black. As of early September, the airlines had laid off 13,550 employees, but only ten thousand came from a permanent work force of 315,000. The losses to food suppliers, fuel dealers, airport concessionaires, and taxi and limousine services cannot be reckoned, but these obviously are substantial. No one could tally up the lost time and business opportunities of delayed passengers. The strike has levied a heavy toll on individuals and businesses alike, and if some of the damages awarded against PATCO can ever be collected, the union will be broke.

Yet the losses will be bearable if the strike serves one overriding purpose. Possibly, just possibly, this affair may awaken both press and public to public-sector unionism. Until this moment, the effects of strikes by public unions have been limited--teachers here, firemen there, sanitation workers somewhere else. It is doubtful that many persons are fully aware how fast these unions have grown.

As recently as 1959 only Wisconsin had enacted legislation to authorize collective bargaining on behalf of state employees. Today at least 38 states have some type of legislation in this field. In 1959, public unions claimed slightly more than one million members. By 1978 the figure had grown to six million. As a percentage of the governmental work force, union members have leaped from 12 per cent to 39 per cent.

Periodically the federal Office of Personnel Management (OPM) publishes data on unionism at the federal level. The most recent report, as of April 21 of this year, found that 61 per cent (1,249,999) of Executive Branch employees are represented by unions holding exclusive recognition rights. Scattered through 59 federal agencies are no fewer than 119 different unions and associations. Some of them are quite small. A union in the Merit Systems Protection Board has only 25 members, a union in the Federal Election Commission only 204 members.

But some of these federal unions are quite large. The OPM report finds 190,838 employees in exclusive units at the Department of the Army, 196,766 at the Navy, 156,790 in installations of the Air Force, and 160,602 in various offices of the Veterans Administration. The Defense Logistics Agency reports 34,742 employees in exclusive units; 4,759 are reported at the Defense Mapping Agency.

Under existing federal law, federal employees have substantially all the rights and privileges of employees in the private sector, save for the right to strike. The public unions can bargain collectively, maintain grievance procedures, and obtain a check-off of union dues. Some of their contracts, notably within the U.S. Department of Labor, contain provisions of jawdropping leniency.

In the weeks following the controllers' strike, a dozen labor spokesmen came forth to urge that federal law be amended to provide specifically for the right to strike. Walter Shapiro, an assistant to former Labor Secretary Ray Marshall in the Carter Administration, made this same recommendation in a thoughtful and extensive review of federal unionism in the *Washington Post* of August 23. Writers of letters to editors pursued the argument that public workers and private workers should have identical rights under labor law. Are public employees second-class citizens? If not, then why treat them as such?

These arguments reflect a fundamental misunderstanding. The public and the private sectors are two entirely different things. Their functions are different, their composition is different, their sources of revenue are different. It follows that strikes in the two sectors will also be quite different things.

The function of an automobile company or a steel mill is to make a profit for the owners. Their products are offered and sold in the competitive marketplace. The owners' concern for what is broadly termed "the public interest" may be sincere, but it is a secondary concern. They derive their income, out of which the costs of labor must be paid, from the sale of their goods. In the private sector, failure to reach a contractual agreement has a limited impact. If the autoworkers strike Ford, customers can look to GM or Chrysler. There are options and alternatives available. In the private sector, managers can raise the price of their product, if that is necessary to ward off a threatened strike, and take the risks of the marketplace. Such managers are directly and immediately responsible for whatever increases they agree to in wages and fringe benefits.

(Continues on page 1157)

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ONE YEAR LATER

Poland under the Cannon

ALEXANDER T. JORDAN

WESTERN COVERAGE of events in Poland is tinged by the morbid voyeurism of a crowd watching a man on a narrow ledge thirty stories up. Will he slip? Will they push him? The crowd is not concerned with why he found himself up there in the first place, but only with the prospect of a gory spectacle.

Others, more imaginative perhaps, shudder in vicarious terror as they visualize themselves on that same narrow, slippery ledge. But neither the unthinking nor the sympathetic observers can enter the mind of the one facing danger, especially when—as in Poland—it is a mind they know so little about.

Westerners have tended to imagine Poland in the grip of panic. Unfolding events since the Gdansk strike of August 1980, however, have shown that Poland is unafraid—a fact sometimes accounted for by reference to the quixotic romanticism of the Poles, exemplified in the cliché of cavalry charging tanks in 1939 (they never did). While grudgingly giving them credit for courage, then, Westerners have decided the Poles must be crazy to antagonize the Soviet Moloch, which others much stronger are trying to appease at any price.

1794, 1830, 1863, 1920

It is, of course, a matter of different angles of vision. Seen from the United States, Poland is a small, pitifully weak country which should know better. From Warsaw, the Poles perceive their position as one of strength. Their yardstick of comparison is historical; and no nation has a keener sense of history. Ironically, the Communist rule of the last 36 years has honed that historical perception to razor sharpness. By making it impossible for Polish writers to deal with current problems, it has compelled them to probe periods less vulnerable to censorship. The result has been an avalanche of historical works, both factual and fictional, that have made the Poles more conscious of their history than ever before.

Poles compare the present confrontation between their country and Russia with each of the earlier ones: 1794, 1830, 1863, 1920. They know that, although Poland's current situation may appear desperate to the outside observer, it is much better than in 1794, when Kosciuszko had only partial support in his bid for independence; or in 1830, when the rising was led by Polish cadets in a military school already under Russian control; or in 1863, when the Polish language was prohibited; or in 1920, when the newly reborn Polish state was still inchoate.

The Poles have never been deterred by hopeless odds, and have fought long and tenaciously against superior Russian armies. They lost in 1794, 1830, and 1863. But in 1920 they won. Marshal Pilsudski defeated the Red Army and secured for Poland twenty years of genuine independence, until 1939. (He incidentally also changed the course of history by preventing the Bolsheviks from joining their German comrades, which might have turned Germany Communist.)

Undismayed by heavy casualties and savage reprisals, each generation took up the fight again. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori* is in Poland not just another Latin tag, but a simple statement of fact. Thirty-six years having now elapsed, a new generation is ready to follow in the footsteps of its fathers.

There is some truth, of course, in the allegation that the Poles are incurable romantics who would do anything for the *beau geste*. They are, and their battle hymn is the Polonaise in A-flat major, Opus 53; listening to Chopin as he is played in the cafés and night spots of Warsaw tells more about the Poles than volumes of research.

Yet their assumption that they have a better chance than their ancestors is not wholly unfounded. And it does influence their decisions, though tradition tells them to carry on the struggle regardless of the odds.

Poland's present mood was crystallized during the visit of John Paul II. The sight of 750,000 people assembled in one spot, praying together and sharing the same emotions, conveys an irresistible sense of strength and unity.

That unity is at the root of the Poles' confidence. Most of the previous independence campaigns were waged by a small segment of the population: the descendants of the gentry, who became the intelligentsia in the nineteenth century, but kept the traditions of a warrior class responsible for national survival.

In 1794 Kosciuszko did enlist some peasants, but their only weapon was scythes with their blades attached vertically, like bayonets, and their contribution was mostly symbolic. In 1981, farmers agitating for the rural Solidarity carried scythes in the manner of their forebears—to the Poles, 1794 is like yesterday. In 1830 and 1863 the peasants were largely inactive and the insurrections were crushed, though only after prolonged fighting. In 1920 the whole nation was aroused—and that was the *year of victory.*

United for Freedom

The movement of 1980 and '81 is not a class movement: Communist rule abolished the old class divisions and thus, once again, unwittingly strengthened the nation's power to resist. There are only two classes in Poland today: the Party and the people.

Prior to 1939 Poland was made up of several ethnic groups, and in all the insurrections the Poles alone carried on the fight, with the minorities remaining passive at best, if not siding with the oppressors. Up to 1939—actually, 1944—one-third of the population belonged to groups with their own political goals: Ukrainians, Byelorussians, Jews, Germans, Lithuanians. However, in 1945, the Ukrainians and the Byelorussians stayed in the territories annexed by the Soviet Union, the Germans fled to Germany, and the surviving Jews emigrated to Israel. The Poland that emerged from the war is 97 per cent Polish.

Few European nations can match this

Mr. Jordan, executive director of the American Institute of Polish Culture, is the author of, among other books, First to Fight *and* In the Field and Underground, *which recount Poland's role in World War II. He has also translated over thirty books from Polish to English.*

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ethnic homogeneity. Even Britain has Scottish and Welsh nationalists, not to mention Northern Ireland. There is a marked antagonism between north and south in Germany, and also in Italy. Spain has the Basques and Catalonians. In the Soviet Union itself, fewer than 50 per cent of the people are ethnic Russians. Yugoslavia is a hodgepodge of groups at odds with one another. There is no other European nation of its size as unanimous in its will as Poland.

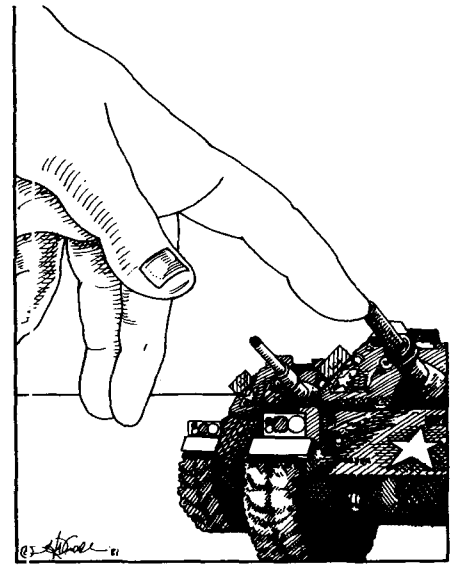
In the July 1981 *Scientific American* Professor Stefan Nowak of Columbia University noted that the Poles display an almost unique sense of values, bridging barriers of age, sex, occupation, or educational level. In a study spanning decades, he discovered that "in Poland, one can speak of a system of values, not systems." There is no perceptible generation gap. There *has* been an evolution of outlook over the last twenty years—but not in the direction of Communism. There is one question on Dr. Nowak's questionnaire that 82 per cent of the respondents have consistently answered the same way over the years: Yes, they thought it worth while to give their lives for their country.

Students of African politics will appreciate the importance of having a nation with but a single tribe, uniform in language, culture, religious faith, and tradition. In 1939 only two-thirds of the 35 million inhabitants of Poland were Polish; today there are 36 million Poles. Universal free education has been another gain of the last 36 years. There is no illiteracy in Poland, and there are six times as many college students as in 1939.

Poland Could Be Rich

Ironically, although many now go hungry, Poland is richer today than ever before. Forced industrialization at the cost of the people's living standards did make Poland the tenth industrial nation in the world. Poland also ranks fifth among the world's shipbuilding nations. It is no accident that the Solidarity movement was born in the Baltic shipyards.

The Poland of 1939, though allied with the West, never got any significant development capital. The Communist Poland of today has received $27 billion from Western bankers. These bankers are not wholly stupid, and they based their investment on a sound evaluation of the country's economic potential,



overlooking only one factor: the Communists' infinite capacity for mismanagement. There is no doubt that, free of Soviet exploitation and the inherent inefficiency that artificial controls embedded in the Communist system, Poland could be one of the more prosperous countries in Europe. It has almost unlimited supplies of energy from coal, an advanced industrial base, and plenty of fertile land for agriculture.

Some Polish economists have recently argued that, left to itself—if only to the extent Finland is—Poland could become the Japan of Europe, precisely because it has the same tribal unity of purpose which is the source of Japan's strength, plus far greater natural resources. In addition to its vast reserves of coal, large deposits of copper and sulphur have recently been discovered.

Indeed, the main thrust of the Solidarity movement is not primarily political. It is an endeavor to set Poland's productive forces free of the shackles of an inefficient system enforced by a foreign power. The remarkable restraint and discipline of Solidarity prove that Polish workers would be fully capable of running autonomous plants, probably doubling production. That, more than ideological disputes, is what they are interested in.

The leaders of the so-called revolution of 1980 are not as radical as they might appear. They are aware that the laws of geopolitics are no easier to revise than those of physics and do not contemplate any breakaway from the Eastern Bloc, at any rate in the foreseeable future. Finlandization, seen as an abject surrender west of the Oder, would be a step forward for Poland.

There are many other areas in which Poland's position today is better than it was in 1794, 1830, 1863, or 1920. In the earlier conflicts with Russia, the West remained neutral, viewing Poland's aspirations to independence as a minor, peripheral matter. Although the term Iron Curtain had not yet been coined, Poland was then cut off from the world by distance and poor communication. Today, Warsaw is less than two hours from Paris as the jet flies; it is hooked into the international direct dialing system, and foreign television teams are all over the country. Poland's struggle is now front-page news, and it enjoys wide populur and diplomatic support throughout the Free World, though stopping short of military backing.

Poland has always—unlike Russia—been part of Europe. But it is more so today than ever before—even its physical borders have been moved a few hundred miles westward. Despite the Iron Curtain, more Poles are visiting the West and more Western tourists are seen in Poland than ever before. Paradoxically, Communist Poland is far more integrated with the rest of Europe economically and in other ways than was the Poland of 1918 to 1939, when France was its chief ally.

They're on Their Own

In addition to the 36 million inhabitants of Poland, there are about 15 million ethnic Poles living abroad, a large number of them in the United States. Every other person in Poland is keeping in touch with relatives abroad. This means a two-way flow of information: people in Poland know a great deal about life in the Free World, while events in Poland cannot be easily concealed from world opinion. One consequence is that even if the Soviet Union intervened, it could hardly use the methods of mass slaughter practiced with impunity in Afghanistan.

In earlier lonely days they lacked a spokesman whose voice could be heard and heeded. They have one now, with a voice more powerful than that of any merely secular statesman: John Paul II.

Finally, the diplomatic chess pieces are now in other positions than during the nineteenth century, when Russia was allied to the paramount power of the West, France, and enjoyed a completely secure rear in the Far East. Still a pawn, Poland now happens to be more crucial to the game.

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These facts give heart to the Polish people, but they would remain meaningless without the basic determination to stand fast regardless of the risk. Soviet intervention is judged less probable by Poles in Warsaw than by New York pundits, but the Poles are ready even for that. Having survived the Russian Czars, Hitler, and Stalin, they are not afraid of the worst Brezhnev can do; Warsaw's latest joke is "So long! See you in Kolyma" (or in Vorkuta), names with the same ring as Dachau and Auschwitz. But they know the Russians too well to be impressed by them.

Aside from the mild warnings of Alexander Haig, there is one more reason why the Kremlin might be reluctant to send troops to Poland. The small Soviet contingent already there is kept strictly isolated from the local population, both to avoid friction and—perhaps more important—to protect the innocent against the insidious influence of people who know something about freedom. In the event of a large-scale occupation, such isolation would not be possible in the long run. Almost everyone in Poland knows Russian, and it is difficult to see how the ideological purity of the Red Army could be kept intact under such conditions.

What foreign observers often fail to realize is that the mood in Poland is not one of despair, or even sullen defiance, but rather of genuine euphoria, fed by the stunning discovery of a tremendous unity, which had always existed, but has only recently surfaced. Morale is high, as in any group of people sharing a common danger.

A Thin Sliver of Steel

I can well understand that spirit as I recall a party I attended in Warsaw in June 1939. All of us there were approaching twenty, and were members of a class thought effete in many countries and enjoying more options than most, among them that of leaving the country in time. Juliette de Mesa, the dazzling daughter of a Polish mother and Cuban father, was telling us about the civil war in Spain, where she had volunteered to serve as a nurse with the forces of Francisco Franco. As she described the horrors of the Spanish Civil War, we all knew that our turn was next. We knew that we would soon have to fight for our lives, and we were perhaps better informed about the odds than the general public. It was a challenge we accepted and perhaps even welcomed. I have never seen a more carefree, joyful band of boys and girls; we had plenty of Heidsieck, and there was dancing and singing in Polish and in French, the vernacular of Warsaw society at that time. Juliette could also sing in Spanish and English, which she spoke fluently. No one was posturing or pretending; the joie de vivre was truly not dimmed by looming danger. It was the most beautiful party of my life, and I may be one of the few people there who survived the war. That's the way things must be in Warsaw today.

The ghoulish watch goes on, as the Western media speculate on the timing of the disaster rather than its probability. The crowd stares at the distant figures high above, placing bets on when they might fall. But they continue to walk toward their goal with light and steady steps on a thin sliver of steel hundreds of feet up, seemingly unperturbed. Perhaps, like the Mohawk Indians, the Poles are free of the fear of heights. □

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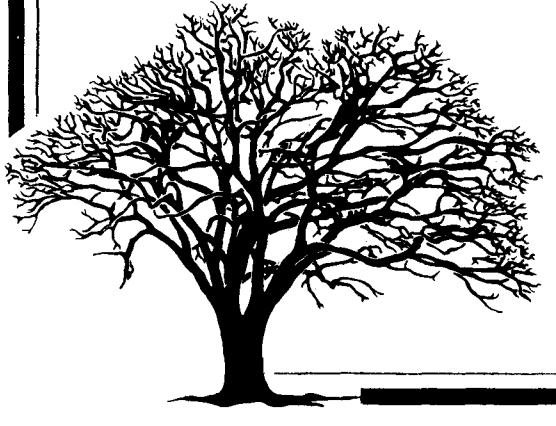

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LETTER FROM SEOUL

Return to Korea

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

THEY ARE coming back to South Korea these days, the American veterans of the Korean War—men in their fifties now, or older, with grey hair and perceptible paunches—to see what has happened to the country in the past three decades. The government of the Republic of Korea encourages them with package tours and special attentions, because it thinks it has a great story to tell and knows that nobody can possibly feel more sharply than these survivors of the Pusan Perimeter, and the Yalu, and the Inchon offensive, the contrast between Korea then and now.

The once-barren hills, widely denuded by exploding shells, are green again—greener, perhaps, than ever before, thanks to an intensive reforestation program. The little villages are still nestled there among the rice paddies, but now their thatched huts are often replaced by trim bungalows, giving a faintly suburban air to the familiar landscape.

And Seoul? The veterans simply don't recognize Seoul. Namsan and the mountains to the north still loom over the city, but the chunky grey-granite edifices constructed during the long Japanese occupation have either disappeared entirely or been submerged by an inundation of glossy hotels and high-rise office buildings. To the south, across the Han River, a huge new circular structure has been built to house the National Assembly. Above the capital's crowded streets a spaghetti-like series of "expressways" soar and swoop. They are modeled, obviously, on those of Tokyo, and as in Tokyo (or Los Angeles) rush hour can bring endless lines of traffic to a near-halt. There is also a subway under construction.

Just 25 miles to the north, beyond the mountains on the city's rim, is the Demilitarized Zone, a *cordon sanitaire* snaking across the whole width of the Korean peninsula. North and south of it poised and taut, are (respectively) the armed forces of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea and of "the United Nations Command"—that empty phrase being all that is left of the great international enterprise that sprang to South Korea's defense 31 years ago. Today the military muscle is provided, jointly and exclusively, by the Republic of Korea and the United States.

The DMZ is never far from the thoughts of the government in Seoul, or of the 38 million people of South Korea. Their country, to be sure, has twice as large a population as North Korea, but the latter is a single-minded war machine headed by international Communism's senior despot and chief surviving megalomaniac, Kim Il-sung. As a token of his intentions, Kim's forces have dug at least three secret tunnels right under the DMZ; the third alone could have slipped thirty thousand troops an hour behind the South Korean lines.

Nonetheless, and while encouraging most of its people to live happy and constructive civilian lives, South Korea fully intends to stop North Korea again, if and when the attack comes—and in front of Seoul if humanly possible. The armed forces are large, well-trained, well-equipped (with arms locally paid for), and tough. And of course the continued presence of American units, including the ground forces Jimmy Carter finally thought better of withdrawing, is a mighty additional deterrent.

Economically, South Korea has come many leagues since it faced, exhausted, the devastation of the Korean War. Under Park Chung-hee, the wiry general who seized power in 1961 and served as president for 18 years, Korean brains and labor, with American aid (which ended in 1979), literally transformed the nation. A great divided highway now winds southeastward through the green hills all the way to Pusan. Resort hotels dot the coasts. At Pohang on the East Sea (which no Korean would ever dream of calling the Sea of Japan) a huge computerized steel mill has been constructed in the last 11 years around a U-shaped harbor: iron ore and coal arrive at one end, are processed by 15,000 workers into 8.5 million metric tons of crude steel per year, and are then shipped (or sent by rail) out the other. In case you think South Korea's only other export is cheap textiles, be advised that it is fourth among the world's shipbuilding nations—and imports rice from the United States.

Politically, South Korea fits the pattern of most of non-Communist Asia: President Park allowed a substantial measure of freedom, including political opposition, but amended the constitution to prolong his own dominance unduly. He was assassinated in October 1979, and President Chun Doo-hwan, the general who emerged from the ensuing scrimmage, jailed a number of student leaders who had seized the opportunity to riot. Chun also abolished several of the old (and allegedly corrupt) political parties, and banned about three hundred politicians of the *ancien régime* from politics for eight years. He delivered, however, on his promise to hold elections, and won them—under a new constitution which specifies, unamendably, that the president shall have only a single seven-year term.

THE PEOPLE of South Korea seem broadly satisfied with this state of affairs. They are more prosperous than they have ever been, and freer politically than at any past time save in the dangerously unstable interstices between autocrats more domineering than Chun. Chai Hyung-lee, the distinguished old politico who emerged from retirement to head President Chun's own Democratic Justice party, had been a political opponent of President Park's, and finally retired from politics altogether in protest against Park's insistence on remaining in power; but Lee firmly believes in the sincerity of Chun's pledge to step down after one term, and to leave a democratic country to his successors.

As in the rest of Asia, perhaps the most striking single phenomenon, from the standpoint of an American visitor,

(Continues on page 1157)

Mr. Rusher's latest book, How to Win Arguments (More Often Than Not), *has just been published by Doubleday.*

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1881-1973

Ludwig von Mises: A Centenary

TOM BETHELL

Ludwig von Mises, the one-hundredth anniversary of whose birth we celebrate on September 29, is a name still only vaguely familiar to a good many U.S. policymakers, journalists, and students of public affairs. Nevertheless he may well have been the greatest twentieth century economist—the leading exponent of the Austrian School founded by Karl Menger and Eugen Böhm von Bawerk (his teachers), and in turn the teacher of Friedrich von Hayek, Eric Voegelin, Fritz Machlup, and Henry Hazlitt, among many.

Born in Lemberg (then a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire), Mises studied and taught (as an unsalaried lecturer) at the University of Vienna. He then took a position at the Vienna Chamber of Commerce, where he conducted an informal seminar attended by Voegelin and Hayek. "Living through one world war, on the side of the defeated," Hazlitt has written, "frustrated by the intellectual decline in Austria after the war, Mises lived to see the rise of Hitler. Driven from Vienna by the threat of a Nazi takeover, he spent six comparatively happy years as a professor at the Graduate Institute of International Studies at Geneva."

"The spirit of genuine liberalism flourished in this unique institution," Mises later wrote. "But all around us the barbarian flood was rising and we all knew we were fighting with nothing but forlorn hope." On August 2, 1940, Mises and his wife, Margit, arrived in New Jersey. Five years later he was appointed visiting professor at the Graduate School of Business Administration at New York University.

Then began the second prominent seminar in Mises's life, this one lasting until 1969, by which time he was 88 years old. Mises was "often treated as a second-class citizen by the university authorities, remote from prestigious academic centers, and surrounded largely by time-serving uncomprehending majors in accounting or business finance," Murray Rothbard, one of his students, has written. But still, Mises also instructed a younger generation of economists, some of whom are teaching in American universities today.

In 1947, Mises joined the staff of the Foundation for Economic Education (publisher of *The Freeman*), founded by Leonard Read, and in this decade wrote, among other works, *Omnipotent Government*, *Bureaucracy*, and *Planned Chaos*. His magnum opus, *Human Action*, was published by Yale University Press in 1949, but its second edition 15 years later was marred by an atrocious array of misprints, omissions, and transposed pages. A respectable edition was later published by Henry Regnery, in 1966.

Von Mises died in New York in 1973, aged 92. His voice, although influential, still seems to be almost inaudible in the babel of aggregates, equilibria, and mathematics that is modern economics. His name is not mentioned in *Economics: Private and Public Choice*, by Gwartney and Stroup, perhaps the best of the contemporary mainstream textbooks, and is relegated to a single footnote in Paul Samuelson's *Economics*.

In the course of his *Notes and Recollections*, written shortly after his arrival in America, von Mises wrote his own somber epitaph—perhaps his most famous passage:

> Occasionally I entertained the hope that my writings would bear practical fruit and show the way for policy. Constantly I have been looking for evidence of a change in ideology. But I have never allowed myself to be deceived. I have come to realize that my theories explain the degeneration of a great civilization; they do not prevent it. I set out to be a reformer, but only became the historian of decline.

All his life Mises reasoned that *agreement* both materially and morally improved mankind. But the Misesian remedy—voluntary exchange, free prices, limited government—was no match for the terrible plague of socialism that spread across the world in the course of his lifetime. The ideas of liberty and voluntarism that he espoused, ideas that one might imagine would have some appeal for university professors and intellectuals in an age of supposed enlightenment, to this day have remained partially concealed in the shadows of command and coercion—ideas that are far more appealing to the intelligentsia. Why this should be remains perhaps the greatest intellectual conundrum of our era.

The date of von Mises's birth almost bisects the interval between the arrivals on earth of Lenin and Hitler, exponents of variant forms (Marxism and National Socialism) of a totalitarian ideology which has been fanatically expounded, ardently embraced, and murderously enforced in our time. The mild von Mises—courtly gentleman, professor of the old school—was no match for these zealots; his antidote less appealing than their poison.

It is worth reviewing one Misesian contribution because it is of such abiding importance and yet is so little understood. As early as 1920—long before the evidence from the Soviet Union was available—Mises argued that socialism as originally conceived could only work in the most crude, approximate, and inefficient manner. Early Marxists wanted to do away with money entirely and institute a central planning authority which would allocate raw materials to factories, and then allocate the finished goods to consumers—by command rather than by price.

Mises saw that this could never work, because prices incorporate far more information, and more up-to-date information, than can ever possibly be at the disposal of the central planners. The amount of lumber that a factory manager orders depends on its price, just as the amount the lumberjack provides also depends on its price. Prices convey information to users about relative scar-

Mr. Bethell is a Washington editor of Harper's *and a regular columnist for* The American Spectator*; he holds the DeWitt Wallace Chair in Communications at the American Enterprise Institute.*

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city, and so ensure that resources are channeled to their most highly valued uses (in the same way that an item sold at auction goes to the highest bidder). Prices also perform the signal feat of equalizing supply and demand. When prices are established by law, then supply and demand get out of balance, and bureaucracies are needed to bend them back together again. Meanwhile there are queues, as we found when market pricing of gasoline was forbidden by the U.S. Government in the 1970s.

Mises's argument about prices was allegedly refuted by Oskar Lange and Fred Taylor, and one or two other socialist economists, who argued that central planners could arrive at the appropriate prices by "trial and error." In fact it is not possible to do this, as Thomas Sowell points out in *Knowledge and Decisions*, because the information at the disposal of the central planners is always out of date, whereas prices instantly incorporate information about supply and demand.

MOREOVER, as Paul Craig Roberts pointed out in *Marx's Theory of Exchange, Alienation, and Crisis*, the original socialist idea was to do away with prices altogether. If the socialist concedes that he must "simulate" them, then why not restore actual market pricing and abolish the central planning authority? The problem with the planned economy, says Roberts, rephrasing Mises's original point, is that it is not possible to make something in a factory and be sure that the thing made is worth more than its component parts. *Prices* tell us that; and if they still don't get the message across, then the quarterly balance sheet certainly will.

Governments themselves may be defined as institutions whose outputs have less value than their inputs. But here one begins to branch off into Mises's ideas about bureaucracy—the hopeless task of trying to reassemble information and authority at the center once it has been outlawed at the periphery (i.e., in the country at large). Bureaucrats fail not because they are lazy or incompetent but because they are unequal to the massive task of "commanding" an economy. Prices could allocate gasoline, but twenty thousand DOE bureaucrats could not. The Soviet economy functions to the extent that it does, despite

being centrally planned, because its planners "mimic" Western prices; but these ersatz prices also tend to be ineffective because they do not reflect local supply and demand conditions.

Mises's point about prices and socialism is still terribly important, because what, after all, are we quarreling with the Soviets about if not this? It would be so much easier in many ways to lay down our arms and concede that they are basically a peaceloving lot. Those who believe in central planning may indeed think in just this way.

But we should not forget that banning genuine prices from a nation means declaring voluntary transactions between consenting adults to be illegal. If such a law is to be enforced then a huge new police force must be created —in effect an army. (It is obvious, of course, that the central-planning model is at bottom a military vision of society.) Why must this be done if the result is inefficient to boot? Coercion, corruption, and militarization may perhaps be justified if the overall efficiency of production is thereby increased; but if it is *decreased*, then such enslavement looks singularly pointless—as indeed the Soviet Union looks today.

It tells us something about the covertly authoritarian (totalitarian?) tendencies of academia that Oskar Lange et al. were widely assumed to have carried the day in the aforementioned debate with Mises. The professors *wanted* socialism, in America as elsewhere, and they weren't about to let a little obstacle called von Mises prevent them from finding it to be the better system.

Hayek later came to Mises's rescue with a new and crushing reply to the central planners: a central plan can only be implemented, he pointed out, if individuals are prevented from implementing their own plans. Thus central planning puts a government at war with its citizens—a two-sentence synopsis of *The Road to Serfdom*. But was anyone listening even then? The grandiose, moral-sounding promises of socialism (justice, equality) always managed to drown out such civil appeals to reason in Mises's lifetime.

How about now? Is the situation any better today? One must be on one's guard against undue optimism, as Mises always was. The totalitarians of the Left never give up, it is now clear, and seem to be gathering strength in Western Europe at present (although declining in Eastern Europe). Nevertheless, there are signs of hope. Serious academic attempts to justify socialism seem to be on the decline at last, after a period of supremacy almost exactly corresponding to Mises's lifetime.

In addition, the new supply-side movement in economics, which incorporates many ideas from von Mises and the Austrian School generally, seems to be imbued with a measure of that zeal and passion which enabled the socialists to win so many earlier battles, and without which no ideas ever prevail.

AT THE end of *My Years with Ludwig von Mises* Margit von Mises writes: "If I myself could realize one special dream, it would be that every President of the United States should get for his inauguration a complete set of Lu's books, destined for the Oval Office in the White House." Well, her dream has partly been realized, because the current occupant of the Oval Office, at least, has long been a devoted reader of her husband's books. At *NR*'s twentieth anniversary dinner, held just five years before he was elected President, Ronald Reagan came up to Margit von Mises's table and said: "Mrs. von Mises, I am honored to meet you. You don't know how often I consult the books of your husband before I make a speech."

Von Mises was not an optimistic man, but even he might have been encouraged if he had heard those words, and then later had a chance to meet the man who spoke them in the office that he occupies today. □

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Abroad

Tripoli *East of the Sun*

As he begins his 13th year in power as the absolute ruler of Libya, Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi is entertaining serious thoughts of aligning himself openly with the Soviet Union, according to diplomatic observers here. Although such a decision to abandon "positive neutralism" in favor of joining the Communist bloc will not be announced immediately, there is no question about his thinking; he has already made known his views to the Libyan Communist Party, for example. Qaddafi's change of policy is said to have been triggered, if not caused, by the incident on August 19 in the Gulf of Sidra, when American naval planes shot down two of his fighters. At that moment, Qaddafi found himself in the Communist satellite of South Yemen negotiating a treaty. At dinner, South Yemeni President Mohammed Ali Nasser told him that his own treaty with the Soviet Union "not only does not bother us, but it has guaranteed our independence and territorial integrity." Meanwhile, Qaddafi has been riding high. This summer in Nairobi he was elected president of the Organization of African Unity, which will hold its next year's meeting in Tripoli and clothe Qaddafi with Third World prestige. He avoided at that meeting any hostile reaction to his occupation of the neighboring Saharan Republic of Chad. He was able effectively to interfere with the King of Morocco's attempts to come to terms with the Saharan guerrilla organization, Polisario. Finally, at his 12th anniversary celebrations at the beginning of this month, he assembled leaders and representatives from more than eighty countries, including Daniel Ortega, coordinator of the Sandinista junta in Nicaragua, who saluted Libya as "the international center of the struggle against imperialism and racism." To which Qaddafi replied: "America, for its part, is the queen of terrorism; it terrorizes peoples who resist imperialist domination, who are only looking for their places in the sun . . ."

Frankfurt *Terror Comeback?*

A number of acts of violence, some of them directed against American forces stationed in the Federal Republic, have caused apprehension recently lest a new wave of terrorism, in the name of pacifism and neutralism, break over West Germany. The press is openly asking whether the Red Army Faction, the successor to the notorious Baader-Meinhof gang, is not about to come to life again. An office of the Social Democratic Party was burned to the ground here after having been covered with slogans accusing Chancellor Helmut Schmidt of "complicity" with "American militarism." The walls of the city bear freshly painted graffiti of a similar strain: "Concentration camps in 1931, Euromissiles in 1981"; "Down with U.S. Militarism"; "The Red Army Faction lives"; and "Follow the example of Ramstein"—a reference to the bombing of U.S. Air Force headquarters. Further violence of this sort would confirm in police eyes the recrudescence of extreme Left terrorism directed chiefly against Germany's "Western alliances" at a time when East German Communist authorities are waging a particularly virulent propaganda campaign against Euromissiles and the decision to manufacture the neutron bomb.

Dresden *Army Defector*

The Salvation Army has formally withdrawn from the controversial World Council of Churches because of "a divergence of view concerning World Council emphases," meaning the Salvation Army thinks the WCC pays too much attention to politics and not enough to religion. The Army, one of the Council's founding members, has two million adherents in 86 countries, and its withdrawal is a serious blow. It had already signaled its discontent in 1978 by suspending its membership over the matter of the Council's donations of money to the Zimbabwe Patriotic Front (then fighting the government of Rhodesia). The Army hopes to maintain "a fraternal link" with the WCC and promises continued support for evangelism and inter-church work—but definitely not for political activity. The WCC received the news of the withdrawal at its central committee meeting here in East Germany, which was largely devoted to ways of pressuring Australia to ease discrimination against the Aboriginal people, and to militating for greater equality for women in church offices.

Tokyo *In Another Country*

For the Japanese, dislike of foreign students in their midst doesn't come quickly: only after they learn the language. This has come to light as the result of recent soundings taken by social psychologists here. "Japanese deal in a very friendly manner with foreigners who can't speak Japanese," the researchers said. "But they feel threatened by foreigners who can, and tend to keep them at a distance." The findings appeared to be confirmed by foreign students themselves. For a short time after their arrival, they regarded their hosts favorably. But eight months later, they were calling them "childish," "prejudiced," and "hard to get along with." Their views that the Japanese are industrious and "very competitive," formed at the outset, did not, however, change at all.

Ford, *Punch* Rothco

"You qualify for the silver bells and cockleshells subsidy, but I'm afraid you're on your own with the pretty maids all in a row."

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The Long Shadow Of Thomas Jefferson

The Sage of Monticello
By Dumas Malone
Little, Brown, 551 pp., $19.95

M. E. BRADFORD

After a labor of almost forty years, at the grand age of 89, Professor Dumas Malone has brought to a distinguished conclusion what will be for our time the standard biography of Thomas Jefferson. Which is not to say that other readings of Jefferson's character and career are either unlikely or unreasonable, for what Jefferson means *today* and what prescription he embodies continue to be vital questions. Merrill D. Peterson has devoted an entire book, *The Jeffersonian Image in the American Mind*, to the exposition and sorting out of conflicting schools of thought concerning the author of the Declaration of Independence. Peterson's analysis was published in 1960, and since then the flood has not abated. The explanation of its copious variety is not far to seek. The resting place of heroes is always a matter of importance; hence, metaphorically speaking, the location of Jefferson's "remains" in the consecrated precincts of one political tradition or another continues to be significant.

Moreover, there are, among the less political and/or more disinterested students of the subject, changes emerging in the received interpretation of the Sage of Monticello. Professor Malone's entire six-volume *Jefferson and His Time* is the culmination of a long-standing tradition of Jefferson scholarship, a conclusion marked ironically by the happenstance that its author is both the first authority on Jefferson to work from all the evidence and the last to approach him out of a lifetime of experience in a still-Jeffersonian South. Malone is a Mississippian by birth, a Wilsonian progressive, and, like a host of other Southern scholars, the son of a Protestant minister. To one side of Jefferson, a man of Malone's principles would most naturally be drawn. Furthermore, for any Southerner who came to his majority before 1950, Thomas Jefferson was the inevitable reference point in understanding the history of his own people. Now this is changed. Nonetheless, future scholarship, however different in emphasis, will have its point of departure in Malone's account.

The last stage of Jefferson's life, as treated in *The Sage of Monticello*, is in a dramatic sense an effective denouement to a large and well-structured fable, and a comment on all that had gone before it in the subject's long and amazing experience in building a Republic. Malone recognizes this accumulation of labors and meaning and molds his narrative, from Jefferson's retirement at the age of 65 to his death at 83, in one, essentially positive direction. But some of his evidence, regardless of his craft, pulls another way. Malone's graceful account of Jefferson's old age emphasizes his performance as paterfamilias; his role as faithful friend to such great figures as Madison, John Adams, and the Marquis de Lafayette; and his service to the educational system of his state. Jefferson—seen at home at Monticello, which he spent forty years building and rebuilding; with his grandchildren; in the exchange of letters wth his old comrade of the Revolution and erstwhile adversary from Quincy, Massachusetts—is a charming figure. So also is the Jefferson who kept open house for visiting foreign intellectuals, and the Jefferson who, as a gentleman, refused to complain when the the failures of his grandson's father-in-law and his own longtime supporter, Wilson Cary Nicholas, put his entire estate at risk.

But Jefferson's retirement was not merely a matter of private virtue and inventive restlessness contained, to be summarized in a peroration *ad hominem*—directed simply toward the character of the man. For these years "on

Arnold Beichman *is the author of* Nine Lies about America *and a frequent contributor to* NR. . . . **M. E. Bradford** *is a professor of English at the University of Dallas.* . . . **John Kiley** *is the author of* The Art of Self-Rescue *and other books.* . . . **William Murchison** *is an editor with the* Dallas Morning News.

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the mountain" are also the portion of Jefferson's life when he most consistently undermined the myth of the philosopher/politician/planter/projector so beloved by the would-be reformers, planners, and manipulators of subsequent American history. Working outward from the well-defined authority of this comfortable set of assumptions in Jefferson studies, from the aegis of the image of our third President as enshrined in the selected and partial quotations of the Jefferson Memorial, Malone tries to gloss over contradictions in his subject, to argue (as he began to do as early as 1933) that his Virginia statesman and "Old Sachem" can (in the language of *Jefferson the Virginian*, the first volume of this biography) best be understood as a "liberal." The truth is not so simple.

The principal difficulty with the notion that Jefferson was a thoroughgoing *philosophe*, the progenitor of modern American egalitarianism, is the distance between his deepest political instincts and his broad statements concerning the inalienable rights of man. Only on rare occasions did Jefferson step beyond the tacit limits prescribed for him by the electors of Albemarle County and, as Patrick Henry once suggested, "abjure his native victuals." Nor did he believe that he had a right to such independence. As he wrote his friend Du Pont de Nemours, "What is practicable must control what is pure theory; and the habits of the governed determine in a great degree what is practicable."

When Northerners complained that he was more an opponent of the abolitionists than an opponent of slavery, he responded that his critics had been "fanaticized" by an "abstract principle" not important enough to threaten national unity for. "Closet politicians" who ignored "experience" and were "unpracticed in the knowledge of man" had destroyed the hopes once gathered in the French Revolution. Frenchmen were not ready for liberty. Nor were the Latins in South America. And certainly not American Negroes—unless and until they could be returned to Africa immediately after manumission, with the permission of their former owners. Freedom was for Virginia farmers, and then—perhaps—for other people, at some distant time. Even while attempting to explain away all such evidence, Malone concedes that "this generally optimistic man did not believe that the whites and the blacks could live together peaceably on the basis of equality."

And there is more, scattered throughout Malone's opus: Jefferson's mixed record in the field of civil liberties; his wish to restrict the franchise to the literate; his promotion of the University of Virginia as a way to protect Southern boys from educational contamination by Yankee "isms"; and his advocacy of a greatly diminished appellate jurisdiction for the United States Supreme Court. Add to these the fact that he freed almost none of his 250 slaves and sold troublemakers down the river to New Orleans and that he declared secession was "better than submission to a government of unlimited powers."

These and other anomalies occupy much space in the grand sweep of Malone's total narrative. They are measures of the distance between Jefferson's theory and his practice, his word and his deed. They do not destroy our respect for Jefferson's considerable abilities or our response to his habitual *politesse*, his republicanism, his genuine interest in the lives of his neighbors. It is a key to his nature that he advised his grandsons to acquire a habit of "good humor." A serene and generous spirit, a distinguished Chief Executive (albeit something of a humbug), he became a fine figure of an old man. It is true beyond contest that he "made too little allowance for emotions and counted too much on the sufficiency of reason." Jefferson's own summary of his last two decades is convincing: ". . . the truth is that too great a confidence in mankind has deprived me of all my means." Yet, as Malone contends, it is Jefferson's hopefulness, foolish as it may have been, which continues to disarm subsequent generations of his countrymen.

When we remember Jefferson, we like to think of him as the patriarch at peace in his Virginia Tusculum, the Rector of his new university, secure in his "lost world." We understand when Malone, in his envoy, writes, "I leave him with regret." Jefferson continues to have a hold on the affection of his countrymen, a purchase which he deserves. Indeed, in all of his complexity and apparent contradiction, he is yet among us, or his long shadow. But now his significance includes not only a pastoral reproach to the barbarism of modern industrial civilization and a glorification of the American Enlightenment but also an image of our national disposition to make generalized statements that are larger than what we mean, that promise more than we intend. There is little evidence in present-day America that it is a shadow we will soon escape. □

Texas Rich
By Harry Hurt III
Norton, 446 pp., $16.95

MAKING ROOM

WILLIAM MURCHISON

In the free-enterprise hall of fame, where dwell the granite-faced spirits of Carnegie, Morgan, and Rockefeller, what do you do with a semi-reformed professional gambler, sire and patriarch of one official and two unofficial families, health faddist, and tireless dispenser of offbeat opinions? Much as it may hurt those of tender conscience, there is just one thing to do with Haroldson Lafayette Hunt: Make room.

It may be that the late H. L. Hunt of Dallas, his failings often of a grander order than his strengths, is unlikely hero material. Yet how the old sinner could make money: so much of it as to draw from J. Paul Getty the acknowledgment that, "In terms of extraordinary, independent wealth, there is only one man—H. L. Hunt." As success is reckoned among capitalism's daredevils and plungers, Hunt was a wonder.

I do not know of many other men who arouse such feelings of ambivalence, such reluctance to pass definitive judgments. The old man was a walking oxymoron: a sagacious buffoon, a principled immoralist.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE OCTOBER TITLES: Tom Wolfe's new book is *From Bauhaus to Our House* (Farrar, $10.95)—a perceptive and of course very funny study of the contrast between the spareness of modern architecture and the indulgent efflorescence of modern society. . . . *The Graves of Academe* (Little, Brown, $10.95) is by Richard Mitchell, a/k/a "the underground grammarian." Mitchell is a brilliant stylist, a shrewd observer, and a genuine wit. He predicts the further decline of American education, barring unlikely developments.

In *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Church* (Putnam, $14.95) the prolific Malachi Martin argues that the Church's secular preoccupations have gravely eroded its concern for spiritual matters and that the liberalism intruded into it by Vatican II has almost destroyed the institution and has caused confusion and immorality among its members.

John Updike has written his third "Rabbit" novel: *Rabbit Is Rich* (Knopf, $13.95). . . . *Lectures on Russian Literature* (Harcourt Brace, $19.95), by Vladimir Nabokov, is the companion volume to *Lectures on Literature*, published last year. Here Nabokov discusses Dostoyevsky, Gogol, Turgenev, Gorky, and Tolstoy. . . . Matthew J. Bruccoli, who seems to have a patent on the Fitzgerald commentary he manufactures, has now written a biography of his subject, *Some Sort of Epic Grandeur: The Life of F. Scott Fitzgerald* (Harcourt Brace, $25). . . . If you have been entranced by the fantasy of the Lord of the Rings trilogy, you'll love the *Letters of J. R. R. Tolkien* (Houghton Mifflin, $16.95). . . . *Shaw's Music: The Complete Musical Criticism* (Dodd, Mead, $150) gives you three volumes of Bernard Shaw, whose writing on the subject of music holds up rather well after all this time. It is edited by Dan H. Laurence.

Bill Adler, with Bill Adler Jr., has edited *The Reagan Wit* (Caroline House, $6.95). President Reagan, of course, is the first President since Kennedy whose humor is not only clever but printable. —CW

Like many another self-made magnifico, H. L. Hunt believed profoundly in his own powers—which, in fact, were substantial. Before his third birthday, so his siblings later claimed, he could read livestock reports in the newspaper. His undoubted mathematical abilities made him a proficient—he himself thought great—card player. Indeed, as one disenchanted associate put it, Hunt rated himself as "a second Jesus Christ." Harry Hurt, a Texas magazine writer who has delved more learnedly into Hunt's life than anyone else, surmises that the old man founded three families—the first wholly legitimate, the third legitimated after his first wife's death, the second never publicly acknowledged—in order to spread what he called his "genius gene" and thereby enrich the world.

He managed, at all events, to enrich a seventy-member dynasty, various of whose members have multiplied the Hunt fortune beyond even the patriarch's dreams. The family wealth rests on the bedrock of Texas oil—specifically on H. L. Hunt's purchase of leases belonging to C. M. "Dad" Joiner, who in 1930 discovered the colossal East Texas oil field. The dynasty has since branched out into real estate, horse-racing, silver, soybeans, and God knows what else.

In his day, the patriarch was widely scorned, both in Dallas and elsewhere. But for what offenses? His concern with profit as the measure of all things? His wish to keep the money he earned, rather than give it away? His belief in "constructive work," rather than welfare or even charity? Doubtless the old man's world view was unattractive. The other side of the coin was that Hunt tenaciously stuck up for the basic tenets of free-enterprise capitalism. Does not capitalism presume success before it begins to whisper of the higher duties to God and man? H. L. Hunt was raw material, unrefined: a defective human being but a mighty worker of economic wonders.

Hunt was not only a capitalist but a flamboyant defender of the capitalistic faith. No wealthy man toiled harder for his beliefs, or brought on himself more ridicule by the manner of his toil. It was technically possible for conservatives to disown Hunt, who called himself not a conservative but a "constructive." "I don't have a conservative hair in my head," he once argued. "I couldn't have taken a shoestring and run it up as I have done if I were in the least degree conservative." In fact, Hunt's views were akin to the John Birch style of conservatism. As he saw it, the triumphs of liberalism and collectivism were due to a vague conspiracy involving Wall Street bankers, assorted Easterners, and many other sinister types. Hurt suggests that this conspiracy-theorizing may have stemmed from "his own personal penchant for living secret lives and making secret deals."

Whatever the case, Hunt came out swinging during the post-World War II era, first as a backer of General Douglas MacArthur for President, subsequently as a supporter and comrade of Senator Joseph McCarthy. In June 1951, Hunt founded *Facts Forum*, a newsletter and radio commentary show strongly anti-liberal and pro-McCarthy. *Facts Forum* lasted two and a half years. In 1958, *Life Line*, another radio show, succeeded it and quickly gained a national audience.

Nutty as were Hunt's conspiracy theories, and isolated as was Hunt himself from the conservative mainstream in America, it seems unreasonable to dismiss him as a total kook. He correctly apprehended the dangers of Communism and big government, whereupon he put his money where his apprehensions were. Never a generous contributor to conservative politicians, Hunt at all events lavished time and money on his radio shows. His own HLH Products, a food concern, existed largely to sponsor *Life Line*. (Ironically, HLH Products was a prodigious money-loser, afflicted with internal corruption; by the late Sixties it was seriously draining the whole Hunt empire, and the family was obliged at last to sell it off.)

STRENGTH of convictions notwithstanding, Hunt finally ceased to command attention. The Kennedy assassination kindled a firestorm of hate-mail and threats, but this, too, passed. The main reason that few could take H. L. Hunt with deep and continuing seriousness was H. L. Hunt himself.

Harry Hurt's book makes arresting, even irresistible, reading. But in the end serious problems engulf it. Factual, syntactical, and grammatical errors abound from cover to cover. Though *Texas Rich* is essentially a biography of Hunt, it has been unwisely extended to take in the clan's doings following the old man's death. The result is anticlimax.

Worst of all, Hurt nowhere tries to set H. L. Hunt in context—be it the context of twentieth century entrepreneurship, the oil industry, or the American conservative movement. A vain but

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somehow ingratiating man wanders onstage from the wings, makes a lot of money, and departs. Curtain. And the meaning of such a life? Hurt cannot tell, or if he can he doesn't. The book he has written is irritatingly enjoyable: as oxymoronic in its way as the fascinating man who is its hero. □

Coming Alive: China after Mao
By Roger Garside
McGraw-Hill, 458 pp., $12.95

THE CULT OF CHOU

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

Roger Garside, a Chinese-speaking British diplomat, had two purposes in writing this fascinating book. The first was to describe "how life returned to a nation that had been half dead" and to detail Mao Tse-tung's responsibility for the disaster which befell almost a billion human beings.

Garside's second purpose, not quite so apparent, emerges gradually over the course of the book, much of which is based on personal experiences in China from 1968 to 1970, just after the end of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, and again from January 1976, after the death of Chou En-lai, until the upsurge of the democratic movement in the winter of 1978-79.

This underlying, almost unspoken, theme of the book is the way some presumably well-informed people in the democratic world fell for the myth of Mao and the New Man he supposedly brought into being. The myth began even before Mao took power in 1949. Garside writes carefully and generously, but he quotes John Service, the American diplomat who, in 1944, described Mao and his comrades as follows:

> A rather unexpected, and yet strong impression that grows with acquaintance is their *realism* and *practicality*. . . . Firmly and universally held is the belief that the test of everything is whether it works—in China . . . There is no mysticism in their make-up . . . and no rigid adherence to a hardened dogma.

A few pages after quoting this wildly inaccurate analysis, Garside depicts Mao differently:

> He wanted men to live in a state of permanent revolution. As soon as one revolutionary task was achieved the leaders must set a new one. To create an emotional climate in which people would be prepared to engage in this enormously ambitious project, reason itself was swept aside, replaced by blind faith in the wisdom of the Party, and above all, its leader. The press increasingly cast a supernatural aura over Mao.

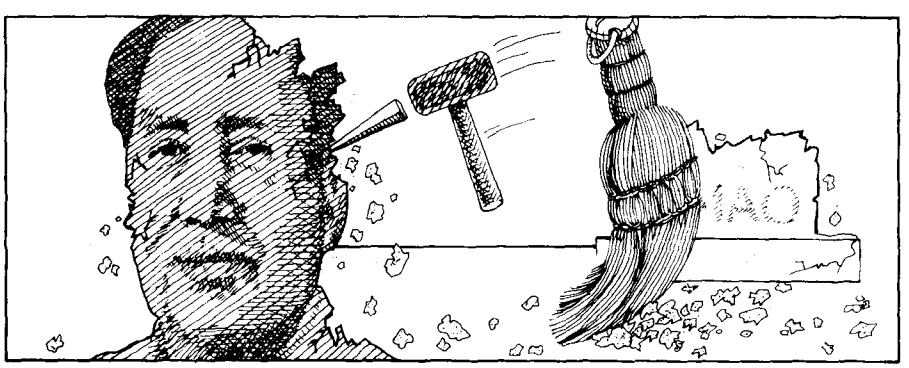
Service was not the only one, of course, to err about China. There were others much later than he whose words were also wildly inaccurate—like David Rockefeller, in a famous *New York Times* column in 1973. After his ten-day visit to China, Rockefeller concluded that "the social experiment in China under Chairman Mao's leadership is one of the most important and successful in human history . . . whatever the price of the Chinese Revolution, it has obviously succeeded." And here is Professor John K. Fairbank, writing in *Foreign Affairs*: "The Maoist revolution is on the whole the best thing that has happened to the Chinese people in many centuries. At least, most Chinese seem to believe so, and it will be hard to prove it otherwise."

Well, it's not very hard to prove it otherwise, and Mao's revolution has obviously not succeeded. (A UPI dispatch dated October 6, 1979 began: "Millions of Chinese went hungry during the rule of Chairman Mao Tse-tung because of his government's mistakes and political instability, the Chinese Communist Party said today.") I would recommend that Rockefeller, Fairbank, John Kenneth Galbraith (the Chinese economy is "flexible, practical, and dynamic. . . . [And] let there be no doubt; for the Chinese, it works"), and Robert Heilbroner ("Above all, the prospect of a new future has been opened. It is this that lifts the current ordeal in China above the level of pure horror") read this book by a man who knows China and who admires the Chinese people.*

For all of this, however, Garside has his own blind spot—his hero-worship of Chou En-lai, the Chinese Premier who died in January 1976 and who, in Garside's words, "had brought grace to the hard world of revolutionary politics"—a rather euphemistic description of one of the most inhuman, genocidal Communist governments in the last six decades. What can it possibly mean that a leader in a terroristic government "brought grace" to that government's workings? That he charmed Nixon, Kissinger, Edgar Snow? Stalin, it could have been said, or even the 1930s Hitler, "brought grace to the hard world of revolutionary politics"—and there were many visitors to the Kremlin or the Wilhelmstrasse who said just that.

GARSIDE grants Chou absolution from the sins of Mao because Chou was wise enough to know that unless China modernized quickly it would not survive as a unified country. Garside says that Chou "stood for rational socialism." He tells us that in order to bring about collectivization in Mao's China, "violence, on the scale used by Stalin, had been unnecessary." Yet Professor Richard L. Walker has estimated that, between 1949 and 1971, the Chinese Communist regime caused the deaths of more than 32 million Chinese, most of these deaths occurring before the nightmarish Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution even began. J. Guillermaz, in his authoritative and scholarly *Le Parti communiste chinois au pouvoir*, estimates that fifty million Chinese died from starvation between 1959 and 1962. (Lenin once

*As does Simon Leys. Still worth reading and re-reading is Leys's "Human Rights in China," NATIONAL REVIEW, December 8, 1978.



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confessed that after he established the Bolshevik dictatorship, "the workers became more hungry and their standard of living went down." "The victory of the workers," wrote Lenin, "is impossible without sacrifices, without a temporary worsening of their situation.")

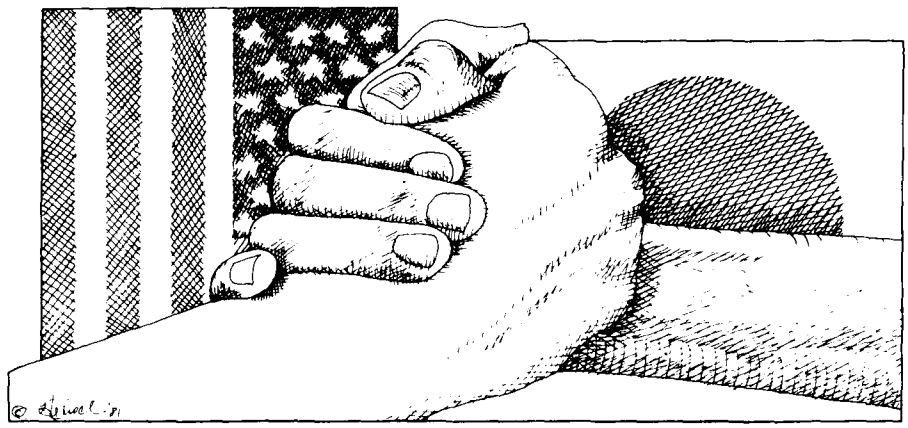
Garside in no way conceals the failures of Mao and his allies but, it seems to me, he is much too hopeful that the new regime of Deng Xiaoping will be able to bring about an economic miracle by moving away from doctrinaire Maoism. It is true that there seems to be growing skepticism in China about the power of socialism to create abundance. Garside quotes a New China News Agency report to the effect that the policy of encouraging efficient peasants "represents a further move to eliminate egalitarianism. . . . Facts have proved that it amounts to sheer illusion to suppose that socialism can be built by deliberately preventing people from getting rich." Some people re-invent the wheel: others, as in China, re-invent Adam Smith.

There are dramatic moments in Garside's narrative, accounts of Chinese Solzhenitsyns and Sakharovs, who now seem to have been effectively silenced. It is these moments which make Garside's book an invaluable report and which almost persuade the reader that there can be no going back to Mao Thought and the Yenan Caves psychology. Yet even with all the supposed improvement in the USSR, there is the visible post-Stalin tyranny of Brezhnev's Russia; and the new Chinese constitution contains (Article 56) the following: "Citizens must support the leadership of the Communist Party of China." □

Power and Culture: The Japanese War 1941-1945
By Akira Iriye
Harvard, 304 pp., $22

BLANK PAPER

JOHN KILEY



For the Japanese, the terms of national existence include only one that is unconditional: to survive in a traditional way, the touchstone of such survival being the institution of the Emperor. At present they are doing so very nicely, of course, the adverbs made possible by the virtue and capitalistic skills of the people.

Akira Iriye, a University of Chicago professor of American history who lived in Japan during the war, has written a superb, deeply researched book with, in the words of the eminent historian Robert Dallek, a "strikingly revisionist argument." It is this: The stunning success of Japanese-American postwar relations can be understood only in the light of a deep convergence of ideals.

Revisionist perhaps, but epistemologically impeccable. There is no trace of any cooking of the facts to make some fashionable ideological dish; no attempt to make the Japanese or the Americans look better (or worse) than they were. Often each looks deplorably dumb, dumb about their important compatibilities, dumb for having speeded the natural enemy of them both, the Soviet Union, on its way to becoming the planetary menace that it now is.

Iriye provides commanding evidence that the war was—for all its ferocity, for all the cultural differences displayed in styles of waging it, for all the superheated rhetoric of mutual insult—really a kind of family squabble. True, the author never speaks of "family," nor does he anywhere demote the war to a "squabble." Yet in the light of our experience with the Soviets, the term is appropriate. Family members can insult and even attack each other, but they can forgive and forget. Those nations and persons in the tutelage of Marx can do neither: he and his exegetes have taught them how to hate, how to cultivate paranoia, how to manufacture poison and, to use Alfred Adler's expression, to spit in the soup of the world. Marxism is a leprosy of the soul, and the "Internationale," the dirge of the undertakers of this world's few, passing joys. It has theologized the xenophobic weaknesses of the Russians: confirmed and, as it were, sanctified them.

Comparisons are invidious; they are also instructive, for we see in the Japanese and the Americans two peoples putting their Pearl Harbors and Hiroshimas behind them. The Soviets continue to hate, to nurse their paranoia, to arm themselves maniacally against their "enemies."

In this sense, as *Power and Culture* makes very clear, it is accurate to speak of Americans and Japanese as "family members," who were able to wipe the slate clean, even in the passion of battle, and begin again with openness.

As to the accuracy of the word "squabble," this much must be said: Iriye lets us see a conflict in search of understanding, however violent it was. It was not a war to the death, as any war with the Soviets—God help us!—must be. In his preface, the author anticipates much of the book's careful reasoning:

> Interestingly, as the book demonstrates, the Japanese and Americans developed a number of similar, at times parallel, assumptions, so that in the end they both opted for a "conservative" solution—for restoring the kind of international order in which they had once been more compatible.

Iriye's startling thesis is that the conflict proved to be a doorway to the rediscovery of Japanese-American compatibilities, lost during the Thirties. It was then that, in reaction to the traumas of the Depression, each adopted a *sauve qui peut* economic policy. The war reversed that policy, forcing an unflinching look at deeper realities, and

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acting as a clarifying catalyst to mutual (and self-) understanding. He writes:

> They fought fiercely against each other for physical survival; each side mobilized its total resources to destroy the other, and in the end the side that had greater military strength, better strategy, and a more efficient system of production won. At the same time both nations were concerned with more than physical survival and were keenly interested in defining what they were struggling to preserve. They developed visions of what their domestic societies and the entire world would be like when the fighting ended. They fought to articulate their war aims and peace objectives in ways that made sense to themselves, to each other, and presumably to other people.

Three months before Pearl Harbor, the Emperor of Japan quoted a poem of peace to his generals seeking his formal approval of a declaration of war. Though trained to reign rather than to rule, he broke with that training and forced the prime minister, Hideki Tojo, to go "back to blank paper," that is, to seek a basis for negotiation. *Power and Culture* shows how the healthy cultures of each nation directed the negotiation of power and produced that "stunning success of Japanese-American postwar relations."

Oh, that the Soviets might find their way past the diseased scrawlings of Marx and Lenin to the "blank paper" of an undoctrinaire beginning. □

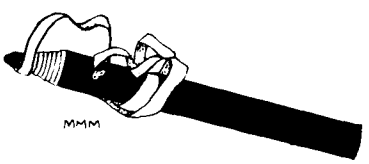
FILM

PICKLED IN PARADISE

JOHN SIMON

Perhaps because I do not enjoy any liquor harder than wine or beer, I have never really appreciated movies centering on the humor or pathos—the mystique—of the heavy drinker. Actually, there have been at least three exceptions: *The Lost Weekend*, in which Ray Milland played an alcoholic with such elegant irony and almost poetic (yet not dishonest) despair; *Come Back, Little Sheba*, in which Burt Lancaster, always good when cast against type, reined himself in so fiercely into a lumbering gentleness; and *Le Feu Follet* (*The Fire Within*), Louis Malle's best film, made from a novel by the fascinating Pierre Drieu La Rochelle, in which Maurice Ronet surpassed his own high standards with a performance of genius—maintaining a brittle surface charm behind which we could clearly perceive the loneliness, the terror, and the ache.

Consider, however, *Arthur*, the surprise comedy hit of the summer. I find this a shabby throwback to those Thirties films where, in the wake of Prohibition and the midst of the Depression, liquor appeared either as a triumphantly resuscitated phoenix or as the great panacea for economic woes. Hence crapulous, or even blind-drunk, protagonists assumed mythic stature, either for having brought back the grape from beyond the Styx or for having conquered the waters of Lethe the way Gertrude Ederle did those of the English Channel. Yet the figure of the Delightful or Tragic Drunk does not impose itself to me as ipso facto winning or heartbreaking—although a particular script and performance can sometimes make it so. I am inclined, quite pedestrianly, to perceive alcoholism as a sickness—not an admirable thing per se, and one that lends itself all too easily to exploitation through facile pathos or cheap laughs.



Arthur Bach is the indolent heir to a $750-million fortune who does absolutely nothing except play with the world's biggest toy railroad by day, pick up prostitutes by night, and drink around the clock. As Dudley Moore portrays him, he is small, pudgy, homely, and very charming—for Moore is all of those things—but I never once cared about him, because Steve Gordon, the writer-director, never gets beyond smart-ass, hit-or-miss one-liners, and because Gordon's view of the world is amoral in a particularly unappetizing way.

Take the first scene, in which Arthur, chauffeured through the night in a Rolls-Royce whose license plate spells out his name, pulls up beside two Times Square hustlers. Top-hatted and brandishing a bottle of Scotch, he inquires bibulously through the window: "Would the most [*sic*—but perhaps he sees double?] attractive of you please step forward." Icy silence, and rightly so, because the remark is more cruel than funny, pitting the two women against each other. He tries again: "In that case, would the one that finds *me* the most [*sic*] attractive please step forward." The one who does (played by Anne De Salvo without the least appeal) is then taken to the Oak Room of the Plaza, even though she wears glittering red stretch pants (but what Maître D dares withstand Arthur B?), where Arthur carries on noisily and disgustingly, which Gordon clearly finds delicious. The prostitute, Gloria, tells her story: at six, she lost her mother; at 12, she was raped by her stepfather. Arthur chortles: "At least you had six relatively good years."

Now, this strikes me as smug, callous, ugly, and, finally, unfunny, as is most of this film. Of course, humor can be cynical, but then the underlying attitude cannot be sloppily sentimental as here, where Arthur will be ready to throw away his fortune to marry the poor girl he loves. There is nothing intrinsically funny about being so rich that you can bulldoze your way into the Oak Room with a repellently attired floozie, behave with disturbingly drunken boisterousness, and then make complacent jokes about Gloria's ghastly childhood. If this were an Evelyn Waugh or Joe Orton world, where the girl would be clearly a liar, all very well; but this is a dumb Steve Gordon world, where the whore is golden-hearted, and Arthur, because of his billion dollars, his nonstop booziness, and his besotted *bons mots*, is enviable, endearing, and, yes, superior to the rest of us.

Arthur is scheduled to marry Susan, a boring, proper heiress who wants to reform him (which is here viewed as a grievous offense), but he loses his heart to a girl he notices in Bergdorf Goodman's men's-fashions department, where he is buying twenty identical green sweaters he'll never wear (Gordon's notion of whimsy)—a girl who coolly swipes a necktie. Arthur follows her into the street, where she insolently insists to the store detective who challenges her that she has taken nothing, and proceeds to try to browbeat him. Arthur is enchanted and falls head-over-heels in love. The girl's name is Linda Marolla, and Liza Minnelli, who plays

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her, is quoted as saying: "She's not really a shoplifter. She's a waitress and acting student who wants to give her father—who's out of work—something special for his birthday." Observe that this father is a layabout who, as the press kit (almost certainly written by Gordon himself) notes, "encourages his daughter to marry Arthur—he'd welcome Caligula if he was [*sic*] rich." Why, if his daughter loves him so much, can't she spend some of her earnings on him, rather than turn thief?

Arthur's guardian angel is a Jeevesian valet named Hobson, again out of those old movies, where he would have been played by Eric Blore or Arthur Treacher, but, in these inflationary days, the role goes to Sir John Gielgud. With this character, the script cheats utterly: first shown as crusty, cynical, and contemptuous of Arthur, he is presently revealed as Arthur's one true friend, who proceeds to play fairy godmother to him and helps him win Linda. As if that weren't enough, Gordon goes morbidly sentimental, and slaps a fatal illness on Hobson, enabling Arthur to shower his man with stupid presents (cowboy hats, six-shooters, basketballs, etc.) to ease his last days. Indeed, he has Hobson's own furniture, Lucullan meals, and a bed for himself moved into the hospital room, and waits on Hobson even more devotedly than Hobson waited on him. There is no evidence in the movie that Arthur cares for Linda anywhere near so much as for Hobson, who, by the way, begins by being beastly about and to her as well, only to change, for no compelling reason, into *her* benefactor, too.

Arthur is made up of faintly refurbished old movie clichés, of the verbal slickness Gordon learned as a former advertising copywriter, and of the splashiness he acquired as a subsequent director of TV commercials. When Arthur takes a bath in his marble mausoleum of a bathroom, he naturally wears a hat, because Dean Martin did in *Some Came Running*, followed by Michel Piccoli in *Contempt*. The interrupted society wedding with a last-minute switcheroo figures in any number of old comedies, e.g., *The Philadelphia Story*. Then there is schtick comedy, as when Arthur is being lectured by his future father-in-law, a ruthless tycoon, about going to work, while a stuffed moose head juts between and slightly above the two men; we get, of course, any number of loose moose jokes. A typical TV-commercial gag has Arthur riding in his Rolls and saying to the world, "Don't you wish you were me?" You would think that audiences in today's financially tight circumstances would resent this idle-rich smugness. Not a bit, though; they laugh blissfully, as if every shoddy epigram were a hundred-dollar bill pressed into their palms.

Arthur must choose between marrying Susan, the dull debutante his family has picked for him (Jill Eikenberry, an able, attractive actress, here deliberately made to look as dreary as possible, but even so a thousand times preferable to Liza Minnelli), or running off with Linda and losing those $750 million. And here, too, the film cheats: he gets both Linda and the loot in the end, and now he, Linda, and her unprepossessing father can all blessedly wallow in solid-gold idleness.

There is one curiously atypical scene in the film. During a tête-à-tête in a huge racing stable, Arthur asks Linda whether she would mind his kissing her; when she agrees, he plants a big kiss on the nearest horse. There may be a line of explanation, but the audience laughs so thunderously that the line, if it exists, gets lost. In any case, *that* strikes me as the one honest moment in this entire movie, in which Miss Minnelli, though relatively restrained, still exudes her special brand of physical and spiritual repulsiveness. But even a would-be frothy comedy needs more than one moment of truth. □

DELECTATIONS

MY LIFE OVER A HOT TYPEWRITER

NIKA HAZELTON

People keep asking me why and how I write cookbooks. Being for the moment in a confiding mood (a condition not always appreciated by my friends), I will now attempt to oblige them.

The "why" is easy: I am interested in cooking and I know how to explain it to others. It is an inescapable fact of life that you get paid not for what you would like to do but for what you can do; it is fortunate when, as in my case, the two coincide.

At this stage of my career, I am sufficiently well known (after 22 books and a sea of translations, articles, contributions to cooking encyclopedias, and the like) to be able to do the kind of cookbook I like—namely, a cookbook made up of interesting recipes, rather than utilitarian ones of the sort that get labeled "Fabulous dish for 17¢ a head." And, since I've built up a body of representative work, when I approach a publisher or a publisher approaches me with an idea, I don't have to prove—with long outlines and sample chapters and recipes—that I know how to do the job.

ANY HONEST cookbook writer will publish only reliably tested recipes, done in one's own kitchen or the kitchen of somebody else reliable. I have always tested myself every recipe I published and, if it was complicated, had it retested by others. This rule has made for a horrifying amount of cooking, but I have strong feelings on the subject. After all, if the recipes in a cookbook you've bought do not come out, you can't return the book as you would any other piece of faulty merchandise; and, with food prices what they are, you will also be considerably out of pocket. (Food prices have also made it expensive to test recipes—a fact which I have to take into consideration, since publishers will pay even part of testing expenses only seldom and with reluctance. I would have to get a very large advance indeed before I would undertake to write a book that relied heavily on Scotch salmon, caviar, and roast crown of lamb.)

What do I do with all the food I test? If it is possible to make up small quantities—I now normally cook for only two—I do so. But more often than not, it is not possible; besides, recipes frequently have to be done over again to make them come out right. So I either give the food to my friends and neighbors, or invite them to dinner; they then remember the chocolate cake cycle or the fried fish phase or the vegetable passion. My husband, inured to grief, accepts this as a fact of life.

I will not do books on areas of cookery in which I have no basic feel for what's right, such as Chinese or Mexican, though I have been asked to at various times. When I have undertaken to do a cookbook on a foreign cuisine (I have done Belgian, Danish, Scandinavian, Swiss, German, and Italian), I first

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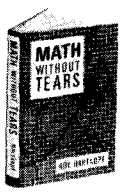

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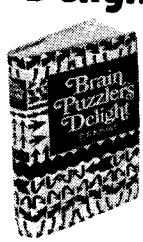

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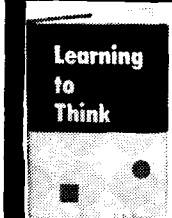

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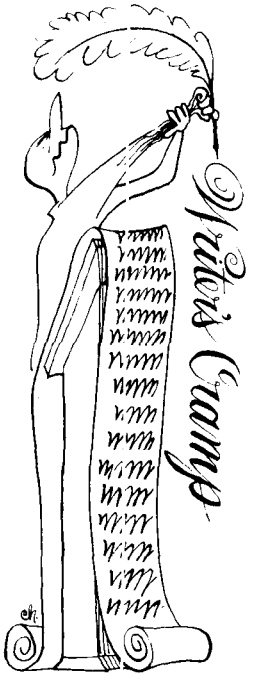
learn something of the language of the country if I do not already know it. Then I go and live there for months on end, collecting recipes, talking to people, simply getting about. Of course, every cookbook reflects the basic taste of the author, but an authentic cookbook on a foreign cuisine must also be representative of the food of that country, even if its author dislikes certain dishes. I try to make a book as authentic as I possibly can; if I do decide to adapt a recipe, I say so. This, alas, is not the practice of all cookbook writers. But since people now know so much more about foreign foods than they used to, foreign cookbooks tend to be far more authentic than before.

I have also made it a habit to tell something about the background of my recipes, because food does not exist in a vacuum; besides, the background information makes for nice reading. I also try to say something about the individual recipe—appearance, general flavor, a little of its history, etc.—so that the cook can decide whether it's worth trying. It's no fun to be left with an elaborate Indian dinner for 12 that nobody will eat because it's too strange. And my advice to anybody who is not completely sure of his guests is to serve conservative, rather than unusual, food.

Where do I get my recipes from? That depends on the book I'm writing. If it's about a definite cuisine, I simply choose the best version of the standard recipes, because there are always variations that have grown up over time. But in other books, like my Picnic Book, I use recipes I have invented, plus ones I have put together from what I remember of dishes I ate somewhere, sometime, in restaurants or in private homes, or in cooking from other people's books. Of course, all cookbook and recipe writers study other people's books and recipes, old and new. But one does not swipe: when necessary, you give credit, even if this means paying for a published recipe. (Some authors don't give credit, but this is considered very despicable.)



Cookbook writers get few perks. The perks go to the food editors of magazines and newspapers, who are offered trips, lunches, dinners, and the like by their publications' advertisers. But cookbook writers, if they keep at it and are honorable people, acquire a certain prestige, which they may then parlay, as James Beard has done, into commercial sponsoring, which can be very profitable. I've never done any sponsoring because I don't like it. But you can also get less visible commercial work, such as writing recipe booklets, editing books, and demonstrating in department stores, cooking schools, museums, or at charity events. I used to do commercial recipe booklets when I needed money badly, but I have never wished to teach or to demonstrate: I tried the latter twice and simply loathed it. That's why I stick to writing.

I honestly do not believe it is worth writing just one or two cookbooks, except for the pleasure of seeing one's own name in print. In the end, it is volume that counts—although in any big success, circumstances play a part. Julia Child hit the right subject at the right time with her *Mastering the Art of French Cooking*, but it was her TV show that gave her mass appeal, because she is also an excellent entertainer. Craig Claiborne found a built-in audience in the *New York Times* readership, and Jim Beard earned his success by writing a terrific amount of material. Of course, these best-known of contemporary cookbook writers hit the jackpot also because of the excellence of their work—they could not have done it otherwise.

Writing a cookbook is hard work; it seems to take forever. And the wise cookbook writer, learning from experience (nobody listens to an old hand), comes to understand that publishers never really promote cookbooks. If you want to have your book promoted, you have to either do it yourself or hire a PR person, as Marcella Hazan did for her Italian cookbooks. I have always, out of sheer self-protection, taken a dispassionate attitude toward my own books. If they sell, it's lovely; i not, I still have an agreeable way o making a living while having to tak very little guff from anybody, meetin nice people, seeing interesting places and eating good food—in that order o importance.

When I was younger, cooking was a honorable way of keeping one's ad mirers after the first bloom of youth had gone (my mother often pointed ou to me that with every passing yea there are more and more younger an prettier girls than oneself). Now that am older, I know that I can always earn my living, come revolution or repres sion, doing something I like to do What more could anyone want? □

The GIMLET EYE

THE LAST AMERICAN PLAY

D. KEITH MANO

My wife is under water. I smile, I wav across the table: uh-uh, zero recogni tion. I'll need a scuba tank to say hello Well, this is Saturday, six P.M., and a eight Laurie will open her third nev play in ten days. Saddle block of th mind she has right now. But that'll hap pen to actresses here, at the O'Neil Theater Center in Waterford, Connect icut. One month in Waterford can fee like a career. Somebody else's career.

At OTC the actor is equipment: a ful utility belt: well-machined, extremely serviceable, but not decisive. The OTC National Playwrights' Conference is for um, playwrights. A place where new dramatic material will be given inten sive simulator training. Four days' re hearsal: then perform: then perform again, often with dialogue that is stil being rewritten as you make your en trance. A script must be lugged along but where? Lover and lover kiss pas sionately while—flip, flap—they turn to the next page behind each other's heads. Yet this is more than a cold reading: fairly full performances are expected. The actor must jump—and fast—at a clear, strong dramatic choice. No time for specific emotional work: might as

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well try to "be" Greek on a layover at Athens airport. This can be both liberating (OTC critics and staff aren't allowed to comment publicly on your performance) and head-bending (George Roy Hill or someone with similar pull-strength might be out there). Worse: no actor can select or turn down a part. Yet, I'll be dag-boned, the stagework is marvelous at OTC. I saw five plays and, with maybe one exception, performance was dead superior to text.

And that perturbed me. It's a bit un-*sportif*, I know, to question OTC: rather like questioning the Muscular Dystrophy Campaign. Lloyd Richards, artistic director, has said: "We must cultivate those with a talent for playwriting so that they in turn might infect us all with concern." Skoal and amen. In a 17-year summer run OTC has mounted 230 plays. Here and there you note the respectable title: *Bent*, *House of Blue Leaves*, *Prayer for My Daughter*: nothing, however, that has given whole blood to our theater, let alone afflicted the national concern. Richards would insist that OTC doesn't want a Neil Simon base-clearer: "Those will be produced anyway." Instead OTC is listening for "the unique voice." In 1981, 1,300 plays got submitted. From those, 12 were chosen for production. From those again, just one (*Johnny Bull*, by Kathleen Betsko, who is British) seemed to have greater life-hope than, oh, protons in a cloud chamber. I can't, after this single season, judge the O'Neill "process" (nonetheless, I do suggest, parenthetically, that there are differences between Lamaze Technique and a lot of deep breathing). For certain, though, OTC has not had the influence, say, that *Poetry* or Actors' Studio had in their time. The reason, I think, is double. a) While listening for some unique voice, OTC has no unique voice of its own to call out with. b) That—musical theater aside—drama just isn't a native American form. We simply aren't very good at it.

Further and more: the election of 1980 was a secret NO referendum on theater. We are, it's our oldest disposition, a realist audience. We don't much care for absurd literature. The fantastic—e.g., *Star Wars*—can outflank this prejudice by approaching, through technological skill, a sort of wild reality. But drama is one genre that will never be able to disavow its birth in ar-

Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

WHAT, EXACTLY, is a "social problem"? What distinguishes it from a human condition? Some people seem to believe that it is anything in society that is narsty, or that they personally don't like. My opinion is that a social problem is something the politicians have a solution to; or, if you prefer, that it is the politicians' solution to a human condition.

In May 1980, William J. Baroody Jr. of the American Enterprise Institute convened a forum composed of himself and Robert L. Woodson, also of AEI, sociologists Peter and Brigitte Berger, and a group of former gang leaders plus a Puerto Rican nun. For two days they held rap sessions devoted to the issue of criminal behavior among urban youths of the minority persuasion, and how government policy can, or cannot, ameliorate it. AEI's guests were involved in community organizations which sought to do the job that no government at any level, and none of the traditional "mediating structures" (YMCA, Boy Scouts, etc.), had succeeded in doing: turning young hoodlums from lives of crime to prosperous and law-abiding citizenship.

Youth Crime and Urban Policy: A View from the Inner City (American Enterprise Institute, 1150 Seventeenth Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $14.25; paperback, $6.25), edited by Mr. Woodson, is the retouched transcript of the discussions concerning the participants' problems, their programs, and their frustration with the system and the tiered structure of government that operates it. Some of the talk is interesting, much of it not; but gradually the whole thing is brought together by leading questions from Woodson and Peter Berger, who, early in the game, perceive the significance of what they hear.

Over and over, the youthful godfathers of the grassroots deplore and deride government at every level for the obstacles it tosses into their paths. This agency can't give them money because they don't have master's degrees in anything; that one will not fund anyone who works with gangs, even reformist ones. Another agency would like to grant more money, but it is very politically conscious—that is, it must deliver the spoils elsewhere.

In the face of so many disappointments with government as the blessed font, most of these young organizers can think only to *go back for more*: as one of them puts it, to "approach the political system in terms of economics for the benefit of the community." Berger, however, has been intrigued by an enterprise cooked up by one New York gang to put subway graffitists to work designing T-shirts for the tourist trade. Adroitly he reintroduces the topic; Woodson runs with it.

Look, he says. "None of you wants to be dependent upon the state the rest of your lives, to be at the whim of [a] granting agency. . . . You do it out of necessity. Most of you want to be as independent as any other business person. . . . If you have T-shirts or something that takes off . . . that's income that's going to come into your organization, no matter what your political beliefs are."

HERE and there flickers of recognition shoot out from around the table. Flint has hit flint, and sparks have been struck. Is it possible that, when it comes to the culture of poverty, the government is part of the problem—the Social Problem? It's a hard thing to swallow, but . . . "Sometimes we don't like to hear things," muses a grassroot. "I had to move from the level of seeing that I've got problems, to how will I solve my major problems in terms of economics." Says another: "I like the idea of economic development. [Those T-shirts] sell anywhere. Everybody who is out there working on that particular struggle has paid his dues. . . . We have a sense of spiritualness."

George Gilder couldn't have said it better. □

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tifice. Until 1980, theater has been given desperate life support by liberalism: a liberalism which meant to indicate, through stagecraft, that American society was decadent and false. Remember the Vietnam/Chicago Seven happenings? And good leftist people who read Watergate dialogue aloud? This probably did more damage to theater than it did to Nixon or the Pentagon. Black and gay, fem-lib and convict have all had their Off-Broadway showcasing. But conservatives perceive civilization as real: valid. They do not favor parody or political mimesis. And so there isn't too much left for the mainstream playwright now. I don't think Alex Cohen would back a three-acter about Chicago School economics.

The last refuge of moribund art (witness poetry) is self-involvement. Most of the plays at OTC were as autobiographical as your checkstub book. I heard the term "soap opera-ish" quite often. That adjective, if unfair, is enlightening. Soap opera has for its topic the middle class under extreme stress. Indeed almost all sit-comedy or sit-tragedy is an arch comment on Middle America. TV has co-opted and cheapened the natural theme of our realistic stage drama: Willy Loman is Archie Bunker now. The liberal playwright or scenarist, with his elite, sardonic attitude, undercut common men and left them virtually no stage presence. They must be comic and, therefore, unreal (Neil Simon) to pass. Even when, at OTC, the common man is playwriting about himself.

I THINK this, too: that theater has always been understood as an Old World art form: the same Old World which Jefferson thought guileful and corrupt. So we allow British playwrights (also actors) to stage-manage our theater: the way, once, French women were considered suitable for prostitution. Fakery is expected of the foreign: perfume and make-up, you note, sell best under a European name. (Deodorants, though, are American.) The British playwright, in turn, will peddle education: *Amadeus*, *Becket*, *Piaf*, whomever: large historical figures. Because even their middle class, weird accent and all, isn't dramatis personae. Our theater has become theatre: instruction not entertainment. A sort of live PBS.

By 2020 A.D. some Sol Hurok will be importing Traditional American Theater—Rabe, Mamet, Weller, Guare—with British actors on a U.S. Cultural Exchange grant. We'll attend respectfully: as we attend other tiresome national treasures—the Bunraku puppetry of Japan for instance. American drama has ever been an oxymoron: unnatural: no wonder OTC has trouble hearing voices. If our theater is in a way to die, why not yank that last electrode from its skull and let the monster rest? □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

JOURNEY TO Nowhere: *A New World Tragedy, by Shiva Naipaul (Simon & Schuster, 336 pp., $13.95).* The title is accurate. But the subtitle might better be "Shiva Naipaul's Tragedy," because, like his better known brother, V. S. Naipaul, Shiva sees through everything and believes in nothing. Rootless exiles from Trinidad, where they grew up hating (not without justification) black power, yet failing to identify with their own people (Indians), who were and still are its victims, both Naipauls have made the world their oyster—and the oyster stinks. Especially the American component, which is big enough and rich enough—and tolerant enough—to be saddled with all the blame for the feckless incompetence of the Third World. Naipaul takes a typical component of that world, Guyana, and after demonstrating why that Soviet-oriented black dictatorship was the perfect place for Jim Jones's Peoples Temple to commit suicide, proceeds to "prove" that those deluded dropouts from Southern California typify the American people—and were set up by the CIA to do what they did! It's the false Chile syllogism all over again: the Communist Allende made a total mess of Chile; the CIA made a half-hearted and unsuccessful effort to finance Allende's feeble opponents; therefore the CIA is responsible for the failure of democratic (!) government in Chile. If the Naipauls and their ilk could be made to put down on paper what values and people and forms of government they *do* believe in, confused American publishers (my own) might stop disseminating their elegantly phrased poison and adding to the confusion of the American reading public.

SELDEN RODMAN

THE TALE BEARERS, *by V. S. Pritchett (Random House, 223 pp., $10; paperback, $4.95).* V. S. Pritchett's literary criticism is not the stuff dissertations are made of, and we should undoubtedly give thanks for that. In *The Myth Makers* (1979), we were treated to his essays on Russian, French, and Latin-American writers. Now, in *The Tale Bearers*, Pritchett applies his exuberant blend of criticism, biography, and personal taste to the English and American contingent, with such representatives as Max Beerbohm, Swift, Conrad, Graham Greene, Henry James, Mary McCarthy, and Saul Bellow. But Pritchett's list is not restricted to such worthies. He acknowledges the lives and work of lesser writers who have played a part in shaping our literary consciousness. Richard Burton, "a failed official, a dull writer, a broken adventurer," nonetheless translated *The Arabian Nights*. The "quarrelsome, litigious, and scarifying" Frederick Rolfe wrote *Hadrian the Seventh*, which was heralded by D. H. Lawrence as "a clear and definite book of our epoch." But Pritchett is best when he acts as yet another of the tale bearers, telling new stories, deflating old myths, celebrating his subjects through anecdotes and details which both delight and inform. His wit is perfectly tempered by his taste, and thus while he obviously relishes the task of recounting E. M. Forster's humorous, rather than inspiring, sexual orientation, his essay on the deeply troubled T. E. Lawrence is restrained and compassionate. Not all the essays are flawless—one on Flannery O'Connor is a real disappointment. But all are interesting, full of spirit and insight, and somehow it's hard to ask for much more.

CLAUDIA BORRELL

YEARS OF ESTRANGEMENT: *American Relations with the Soviet Union, 1934-1941, by Thomas R. Maddux (Florida State, 238 pp., $15).* The revisionist historians of the cold war dwell in the land of Might Have Been, which is haunted by the shade of Lost Opportunity: if only America had done this or that, all would have been well. Believing themselves realists, the revisionists are, in fact, hopeless romantics. Thomas R. Maddux's well-researched and thoroughly documented analysis should explode their illusions forever. The major obstacle to good relations with Russia was the brutally totalitarian nature of the Soviet regime. Matters were complicated by Roosevelt's fatuous belief that he could manage the USSR by the sort of political cajolery which dazzled Americans; in fact, it aroused only contempt in Soviet diplomats. If Roosevelt had listened to the sober analyses of the experts in the Moscow Embassy, he might have undertaken pragmatic *quid pro quo* negotiations of at least limited value; as it was, he only encouraged the Soviets to entertain well-founded doubts about the strength of American resolution. We have mercifully not been subjected to speculations about how we could have mollified the Fascists, but elegiac volumes continue to bemoan lost opportunities in U.S.-Soviet relations. If Mr. Maddux's book receives the attention it deserves, the number of these threnodies should drop off sharply.

NELSON L. DAWSON

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RUSHER

(Continued from page 1142)

is the overwhelming youthfulness of the faces on the street. Practically everyone seems under thirty. Where do they all come from—and where are they going? In the case of South Korea, there is no doubt about it: They march with the United States. If Iran is currently, in all probability, the nation whose citizens hate America most, South Korea is surely the one that likes us best. Again and again, Koreans speak of their country as "America's little brother"—almost the ultimate Oriental compliment. The national dislike for Japan surfaces in a quiet scorn for Japan's reluctance to spend a fair share of its GNP on defense. South Koreans, with their mind on that DMZ just 25 miles from Seoul, know all too well the price of liberty.

But they are ready to pay it. Every day but Sunday, at 6 P.M., people all over South Korea pause and stand at attention while loudspeakers connected to the Korean radio network broadcast the national anthem. The emotion is real, and the sentimentality characteristic: I had noticed roses planted in odd corners all over the vast Pohang Iron & Steel Company. The rose, it seems, is the company flower. □

KILPATRICK

(Continued from page 1137)

None of this applies in the public sector. The government is not selling anything. Its entire concern is public service. Its bosses are all the people. In the matter of governmental services, no realistic options or alternatives exist, and the impact of a strike by a public union cannot be limited by competition from other providers. Moreover, negotiators for the government are not free agents. To meet an agreed raise in the wages of teachers or firemen or police, public officials must go to their local councils to raise the revenue, or they must go to the people themselves. And if the sovereign people refuse to raise taxes—as many localities refused in Ohio a few years ago—the negotiators have no place else to go. In the negotiations that preceded the controllers' strike, all the FAA bargainers could offer was their pledge "to prepare and support legislation" in Congress to authorize the proposed higher salaries and improved retirement benefits.

My own thought is that strikes in the public sector should be absolutely forbidden at every level of government. Such a prohibition should be backed by strong sanctions of civil and criminal law. The public interest cannot be held hostage to the demands of public-employee unions. Indeed, I would go further and abolish all the trappings of unions, bargaining units, contracts, certification, elections, grievance procedures, and the like, and return to the structure of civil service as it existed for many years. Voluntary associations of public employees of course should be not only permitted but also encouraged; the very best Secretaries and Assistant Secretaries—or city managers or school boards—can learn much from the workers down below.

That position on my part, I know, is politically unrealistic. Public unions are here, and barring some volcanic eruption of public hostility against them, they are probably here to stay. And because employees of public agencies often do have sound reasons for dissatisfaction, some innovative means should be found to give them avenues of relief short of a right to strike. I doubt that any kind of binding arbitration is the answer. In the public sector arbitration would require an abdication of responsibility that seems to me unacceptable.

I don't know what the answer is, but I do know that the problem and the peril grow with every passing year. We simply cannot drift toward the chaotic conditions that recur with such appalling frequency in Italy or France. The power of the public unions has to be curbed, and the longer remedial measures are postponed, the harder it will be to impose effective restraints upon them. Because the attention span of the American people is so short, and because the government's own counter-measures against the controllers have proved so dramatically successful, nothing much may come of the not intolerable disruption of air traffic. But the striking controllers have done this much: they have sounded a warning of what can be. If the people fail to heed that alarm, they can expect more costly disruptions in the years ahead. When the next vital union strikes a blow for tyranny, the blow will hurt. □

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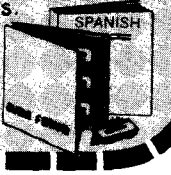

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[FRED] DE ARMOND:

Signs of the Times

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CBS News and Angola

On The Right

New York, Sept. 9—If you desired, Thursday last, to take your news from evening television, and relied on CBS, you would have come upon the story of the South African incursion into Angola as follows.

Dan Rather: "South Africa's incursion into Angola evoked condemnations from governments around the world—with one major exception. The only vote supporting South Africa's right to participate in the discussion on the future of the territory of Namibia [was the United States']. . . . Its lone support for the South Africans has evoked some comments."

(Camera to Julian Bond, black activist in Atlanta.)

Bond: "This nation is a blot on the conscience of the world. For the United States to be in alliance with it lowers us to a level that no President previously has ever done."

(Camera to Andrew Young, former U.S. Ambassador to the UN, now running for mayor of Atlanta.)

Young: "[The action by the United States] will cost American corporations billions as black Africans take their business elsewhere. Supporting racist South Africa in Angola [we are] thereby sanctioning the slaughter of blacks by 4.5 million whites in a continent of 450 million blacks."

(Camera to Donald McHenry, former U.S. Ambassador to the UN.)

McHenry: "The U.S. risks being identified as a country which will do nothing unless we are opposing the Cubans and the Soviets. If the devil were to scream that he is being attacked by the Cubans and the Soviets . . . we would go to the help of the devil."

(Camera to an assistant to Dan Rather.)

Assistant: "Black leaders are planning to express protest. . . . If South Africa is permitted to invade Angola without any protest, who is to say that Zimbabwe won't be next?"

HAD enough? There is no way in which that question can be negatively answered—because there is no more. I mean, that is CBS's entire treatment of the entire incident. Three black leaders telling us that South Africa is a racist country, and that the United States, by voting for South Africa, is derivatively pro-racist.

What, then, was the story all about? In 1975 the Cubans, directed by the Soviet Union, landed a detachment of troops in Angola. Their goal was, of course, to Communize Angola. To take advantage of a) the departure of the Portuguese, and b) the confusion in Washington over the loss of Saigon, to do to Angola what the Communists were simultaneously doing to Mozambique, and would later do to Ethiopia. I.e., establish Communist dictatorships aimed at bringing convulsion to non-Communist African states.

The United States was enjoined by such as Senators Church, Cooper, and Javits from resisting the colonization of Angola by Cuba. However, anti-totalitarian forces, notably championed by Jonas Savimbi, have ever since continued to resist the central Communist tyranny.

South Africa, which has been running Namibia (South West Africa) ever since World War I, notwithstanding that the old mandate has been revoked by the United Nations, is unwilling to turn Namibia over to the South West African People's Organization (SWAPO), because this movement, quite simply put, is an arm of the Soviet Union. SWAPO has engaged in concerted acts of terrorism against Namibia from its guerrilla bases in Angola. The South Africans announced that this must end, and struck the guerrilla bases in Angola; and, having struck them, pulled out.

The United Nations, led by such exemplars of freedom and justice as the Soviet Union and China, drew up a resolution condemning South Africa and a second resolution banning South Africa from participating in any of the conferences that would determine the future of Namibia. With the exception of Great Britain, which abstained, other countries took what one must these days call the "Mitterrand line."

The United States, through Ambassador Kirkpatrick and Charles Lichenstein, voted No, with a carefully worded statement which said a) we don't approve of violence; b) we don't approve of apartheid; but c) this isn't pure and simple a case of South Africa attacking a peaceful Angola, but one of a series of violent actions and counteractions, precipitated by Angola; and d) the issue before the UN is the action against Angola, not the domestic policies of South Africans, as to which the U.S. is fully on record. And finally, e) there would not seem to be much point in discussing the future of Namibia, which is governed by South Africa, without the participation in those discussions of South Africa.

This is a complicated world, but it really isn't so complicated that CBS News should leave us feeling that we would get a clearer account of what is going on by reading comic strips than by listening to three U.S. black leaders who find nothing to criticize in the Cuban totalitarianization of Angola, and who seek to frighten us into good behavior by the awful specter of a black African boycott of American industry. □

CONTROLLING SOVIET SYMPATHIZERS

New York, Sept. 14—Earlier in the year, while composing a novel on the evolution of a Soviet agent in America during the Forties, I found great difficulty in the matter of plausibility. It is, after all, extremely difficult to believe that any half-sane young man or woman would desert the United States in order to join forces with the Soviet Union. That is not to say that the United States is perfect, but merely to suggest that the Soviet Union is so insanely worse than the United States that it requires genuine perversion to prefer the one over the other. But of course we live in a world in which perversity abounds. In fact during the Forties there were such types as Laurence Duggan, as Alger Hiss, as Harry Dexter White, *ad*—alas—very nearly *infinitum*. Ah, but that was the Forties . . .

Implicit in this is that we can recognize the perversities of another age, but surely everyone now knows better. In fact, just as during the Forties the *National Enquirer* would come up with examples of mothers eating their children, so in the Eighties must one assume that the ideological equivalent goes on. As a matter of fact it would probably be easier to come up with a rationale for siding with the enemy today than in the Forties. At the time the grotesqueness of Stalin was increasingly evident. Today the grotesqueness of the Soviet leaders is rather an institutionalized, homey thing: and, above all, there is

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what there was not in the Forties, namely formidable Soviet weaponry capable of scorching civilization off the face of the earth. To prevent this our perverted idealist might as easily reason his way to complicity with the Soviet Union at this moment as at any other, which brings us to the Intelligence Identities Protection bill, about which some of the boys are quarreling.

The bill, in both the House and the Senate versions, seeks to make it an offense for any individual to reveal the identity of an agent of the CIA. The bill is a response to the extraordinary lack of any enforcement machinery in the U.S. designed to protect us from the Philip Agees of this world. Philip Agee is the former CIA official who has made a career of publishing the names of everyone he knew to be an agent. The probability is high that Agee's activities have resulted in the death of one or more Americans.

William Colby, former head of the CIA, told an audience several years ago that he found it difficult to understand the laws of a country which make it a criminal offense to reveal an individual's income-tax returns but which is silent on the subject of revealing the name of an American agent. The bill in question seeks to remedy this anomaly and is carefully constructed in order not to get in the way of the First Amendment.

Well, the Agee group took exception recently to the *Washington Post*'s opposition to the bill. The *Post*'s reasoning was defective, but what offended the Agee types is the *Post*'s designation of them as "contemptible," and as the equivalent of "terrorists." Now in insisting that they were far from any such thing—they merely "object" to U.S. covert activity—the Agee types wrote in the *Washington Post* a self-defense with a remarkable sentence in it. "Your diatribe," they said, "only highlights the gap between the editorial offices and the reporters, for your people are among the large number of working journalists from virtually all the major printed and electronic media in the country who call upon us daily for help, research, information, and, of all things, names of intelligence operatives in connection with articles they are writing."

How is that again? Granted, Agee et al. are specialists in disinformation. But suppose that 5 per cent of what is said there is true? This would mean that there are journalists who consort with Agee. No doubt some of these do so with their democratic wits about them. But all of them?

There are, to say it again, pro-Soviet Americans. About those who betray their country, like Agee, I feel as Lord Birkenhead did about Kim Philby, about whose memoirs he wrote: "We shall never know how many agents were killed or tortured as a result of Philby's work as a double agent, and how many operations failed. He is now safe in Russia, and we must, alas, abandon any wistful dreams of seeing this little carrion gibbeted."

The bill should be passed. A democratic society that cannot find a way to cope with its Agees needs more resiliency, not more absolutist democraticism. □

ST. GIAMATTI AND THE MORAL MAJORITY

New York, Sept. 11—Well, that was a close one. The 1,267 members of the freshman class of Yale University have been warned against the Moral Majority by President A. Bartlett Giamatti. And what a speech it was: Jerry Falwell, head of the Moral Majority, is said to be quite a fulminator himself. He should go to Yale. To study under Bart Giamatti. Learn a thing or two about how one fulminates in the big leagues.

What's going on? To be lectured against the perils of the Moral Majority on entering Yale is on the order of being lectured on the danger of bedbugs on entering a brothel. What is it that exercised Mr. Giamatti, a man of great urbanity who has some lovely and incisive things to say about many issues, as witness his forthcoming book of essays?

Well, he says the Moral Majority are "peddlers of coercion" and that they have made "a radical assault" on pluralism, civil rights, and religious and political freedoms in the United States. How so?

Because they are "angry at change, rigid in the application of chauvinistic slogans, absolutist in morality." Thus, "they threaten through political pressure or public denunciation whoever dares to disagree with their authoritarian positions." Moreover, "they presume to know what God alone knows, which is when human life begins."

Enough.

On the latter point: How is it that the president of a distinguished and cosmopolitan university tells us that God alone knows when human life begins? If you penetrate this rhetorical formulation, you have a dimly obscured invitation to nescience. "God-alone-knows" is the safest way to say, "That-is-unknowable." Because inasmuch as God is not invited to teach a regular course at Yale, Mr. Giamatti is saying in effect that the search for the answer to "When does life begin?" should be abandoned—because no one can tell.

Why not? If you grant the metaphorical extravagancies (Life Begins at Forty) you can indeed ask scientists to make sound judgments on when life begins. Or moralists. Or theologians. And in any case, the question is ultimately decided by civic action. But civic action is regularly informed by theological insights. Thus we've had for many years a group known as Clergy and Laity Concerned. They used to be Concerned About Vietnam, but lately they are just Concerned. That concern regularly focuses on the sins of everyone who wants America to be strong militarily, or wants to develop nuclear energy. These people are very big on denunciation, and it is interesting that Mr. Giamatti hasn't gone after them. Is it really his position that people reading the Bible are not free to enjoin its messages? Its messages as they read them?

MR. GIAMATTI said he had no quarrel with the values of the Moral Majority, defined in the paraphrase by the *New York Times* as "love of country, a regard for the sanctity of life, the importance of the family, and high standards of personal conduct." But "the point is," said the president of Yale, "the rest of us hold to ideas of family, country, belief in God, in different ways. The right to differ, and to see things differently, is our concern." Well, so is it the concern of the Moral Majority, isn't it? They are saying that certain values should govern Americans. Aren't we free to disagree? And why should they not say so, believing such values to be true? It is quaintly interesting that there isn't a single tenet of the Moral Majority (so far as I know) that hasn't officially been held by Yale University over a century or more of its life, and more or less unofficially since then. So what on earth is exciting Mr. Giamatti?

That the Moral Majority are "angry at change"? But anger was officially cultivated, by Yale among other institutions, quite recently in the matter of such things as civil rights and the Vietnam War. "And God said to Jonah, 'Doest thou well to be angry?' And he said, 'I do well to be angry, even unto death.'" Mr. Giamatti should lecture the kids against the dangers of gonorrhea and Gnosticism, and let the Moral Majority alone. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. The noon meal — 24 109 157 180 178

B. Lasting one day only; suggests frequency modulation — 30 163 195 179 39 210 187 76 4

C. Resembling a nocturnal fowl — 36 68 42 81 211 203

D. The aristocracy — 45 18 130 111 70 134 59 100

E. Having a common border — 64 125 72 164 215 7 82 201

F. A type of bomb — 93 118 84 212 21

G. He did a lot during WW II — 103 89 193 71 43 1 114 191 9

H. A vehicle that transports sightseers — 120 52 55 65 96 148 112 131 160 80 / 188 5 27 15 31

I. Female sheep — 3 16 22 91

J. A frequent contributor to the *New York Times* editorial page — 123 183 23 208 85 129 165

K. A type of hands — 128 124 166 60 117 28 90

L. Sounds like a frequent contributor to the *New York Times* opposite-editorial page — 135 140 152 198 202 61 137 158

M. Approximate population of Chicago — 141 2 10 56 49 95 105 159 190 200 / 206 26

N. A famous archer who has young ladies aquiver — 144 19 44 35

O. Philanthropy by restaurant customers which enables owners to become philanthropists — 14 25 29 8 40 58 83

P. Enlightenment — 150 41 53 57 6 69 77 79 121 88 / 94 106

Q. Director, Asia, Africa, and Eastern Europe international trade policy, Dept. of Agri. — 155 107 115 119 161 182 186 97 142 172

R. Natural intelligence — 162 73 173 133 98 209 207 138 194

S. What many a retiree lives on — 181 62 32 213 167 132 104

T. What William the Conqueror was — 192 168 99 37 46 127

U. STUNTED — 110 199 38 214 34 47 11 174

V. Nationality of the Attic Underground's leader — 113 48 153 177 63

W. What your opponents' conduct might be — 122 92 170 196 169 20 74 139 216

X. Round at both ends and high in the middle — 147 149 145 12

Y. A woman who would be beautiful but dumb if she were pretty — 54 102 66 86

Z. An English poet (1880-1958) — 75 156 33 67 151

a. What eating one's heart out may be caused by — 116 154 175 217 204 184 13

b. A winter dance? — 176 146 171 50 101 126 87 108

c. Was this shone on Lady Macbeth's dog? — 205 136 51 78 197 189 143 17 185

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1158 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

	1 G	2 M	3 I		4 B	5 H	6 P	7 E		8 O	9 G	10 M	11 U	12 X	13 a		14 O	15 H
	16 I	17 c	18 D	19 N		20 W	21 I	22 I	23 J	24 A	25 O	26 M	27 H		28 K		29 O	30 B
31 H	32 S	33 Z		34 U	35 N	36 C	37 T		38 U		39 B	40 O	41 P	42 C	43 G	44 N	45 D	46 T
47 U	48 V	49 M		50 b	51 c	52 H	53 P	54 Y		55 H	56 M		57 P	58 O	59 D	60 K	61 L	62 S
63 V	64 E	65 H	66 Y	67 Z		68 C	69 P	70 D	71 G		72 E	73 R	74 W	75 Z		76 B	77 P	
78 c	79 P	80 H	81 C	82 E	83 O		84 I	85 J	86 Y	87 b	88 P	89 G	90 K	91 I		92 W	93 F	94 P
95 M		96 H	97 P	98 R	99 T	100D	101b	102Y	103G	104S		105M	106P	107Q	108b	109A	110U	111D
112 H	113V		114G	115Q	116a		117K	118F	119Q	120H		121P	122W		123J	124K	125E	
126 b	127T	128K		129J	130D	131H	132S		133R	134D	135L		136c	137L	138R	139W	140L	141M
142Q		143c	144N	145X	146b		147X	148H		149X	150P	151Z		152L	153V	154a	155Q	156Z
157A	158L	159M		160H	161Q	162R	163B	164E	165J	166K	167S	168T	169W		170W	171b	172Q	
173R	174U	175a	176b	177V		178A	179B		180A	181S	182Q	183J	184a	185c		186Q	187B	
188H	189c	190M	191G		192T	193G	194R		195B	196W	197c	198L		199U	200A	201E	202L	
203C	204a	205c		206M	207R	208J		209R	210B	211C	212F	213S	214U	215E	216W	217a		

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The Modern Little Red Hen.

Once upon a time, there was a little red hen who scratched about the barnyard until she uncovered some grains of wheat. She called her neighbors and said, "If we plant this wheat, we shall have bread to eat. Who will help me plant it?"

"Not I," said the cow.

"Not I," said the duck.

"Not I," said the pig.

"Not I," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen. And she did. The wheat grew tall and ripened into golden grain. "Who will help me reap my wheat?" asked the little red hen.

"Not I," said the duck.

"Out of my classification," said the pig.

"I'd lose my seniority," said the cow.

"I'd lose my unemployment compensation," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen, and she did.

At last it came time to bake the bread. "Who will help me bake the bread?" asked the little red hen.

"That would be overtime for me," said the cow.

"I'd lose my welfare benefits," said the duck.

"I'm a dropout and never learned how," said the pig.

"If I'm to be the only helper, that's discrimination," said the goose.

"Then I will," said the little red hen.

She baked five loaves and held them up for her neighbors to see.

They all wanted some and, in fact, demanded a share. But the little red hen said, "No, I can eat the five loaves myself."

"Excess profits!" cried the cow.

"Capitalist leech!" screamed the duck.

"I demand equal rights!" yelled the goose.

And the pig just grunted. And they painted "unfair" picket signs and marched round and round the little red hen, shouting obscenities.

When the government agent came, he said to the little red hen, "You must not be greedy."

"But I earned the bread," said the little red hen.

"Exactly," said the agent. "That is the wonderful free enterprise system. Anyone in the barnyard can earn as much as he wants. But under our modern government regulations, the productive workers must divide their product with the idle."

And they lived happily ever after, including the little red hen, who smiled and clucked, "I am grateful. I am grateful."

But her neighbors wondered why she never again baked any more bread.

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57 hwy est. 41 est. mpg

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